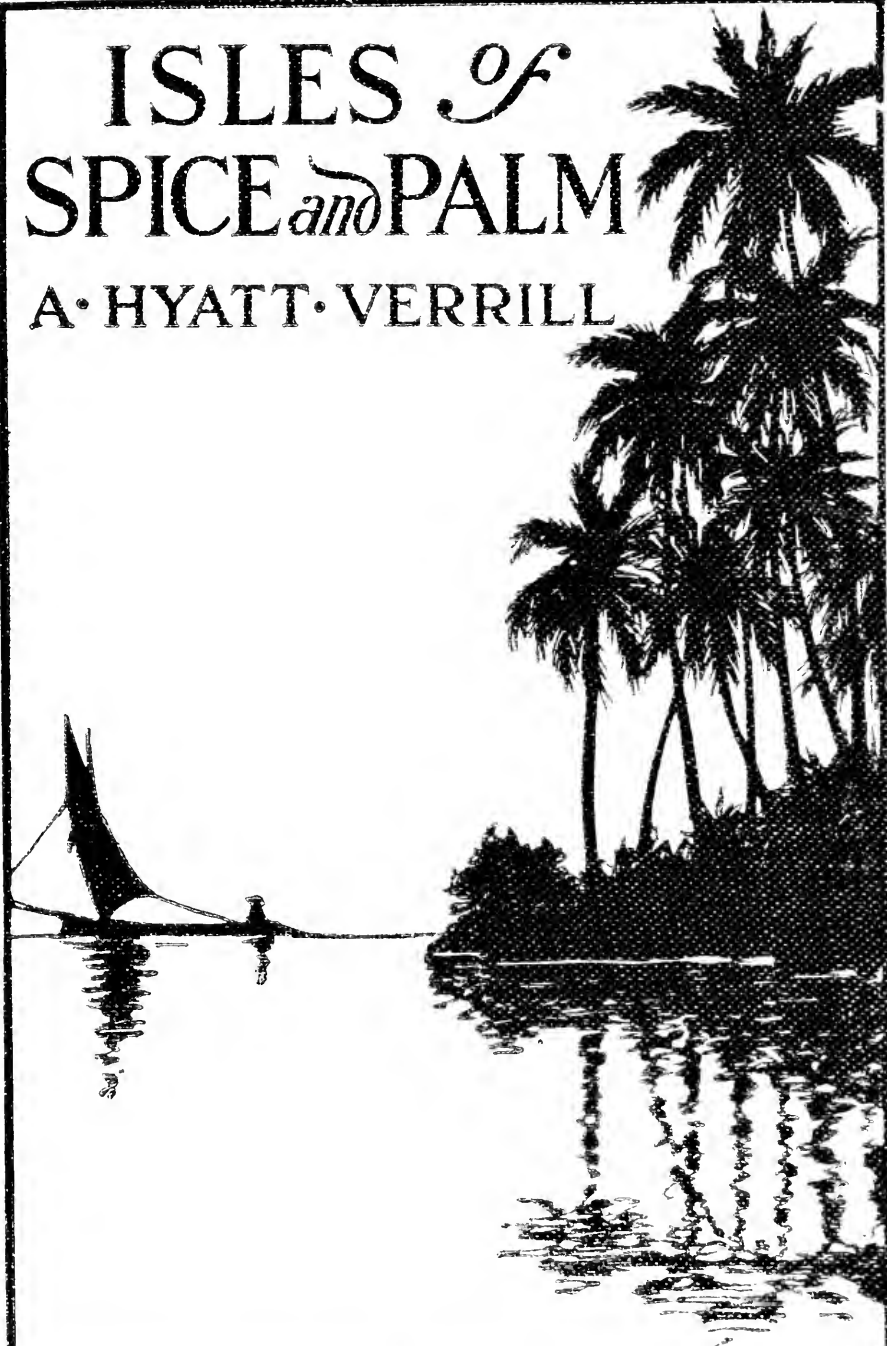


ISLES *of* SPICE *and* PALM

A·HYATT·VERRILL



ISLES OF
SPICE AND PALM



UNDER BARBADOS PALMS

ISLES OF SPICE AND PALM

BY

A. HYATT VERRILL

AUTHOR OF "PORTO RICO PAST AND PRESENT," "CUBA PAST AND
PRESENT," "THE CRUISE OF THE CORMORANT,"
"IN MORGAN'S WAKE," ETC.



ILLUSTRATED

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INTRODUCTION

Five days' sail from New York lie these islands of perpetual summer, lands where luscious fruits and gorgeous flowers may be gathered throughout the year, where feathery palms wave in the trade wind above surf-washed, coral beaches; where lofty mountains rise, forest-clad, to the drifting clouds, and where worry, care and hurry are unknown. Why the American public has failed to appreciate the attractions offered by the Caribbees is something of a mystery, for yearly thousands of our people travel to far distant corners of the earth, seeking the very things which may be found so much easier and in greater abundance among the islands at our doors.

To many, the West Indies are synonymous with sweltering heat, venomous serpents, noxious insects and dangerous maladies; but nothing could be further from the truth. Few of the islands are uncomfortably hot, even in the coastal towns, and in none of them do we ever find the terrific heat and unbearable humidity of our northern towns in summer. Moreover, in nearly all the islands there are high hills and towering mountains, and by ascending a few

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hundred feet from the coast a spring-like, delightful climate may be found. Indeed, the islands are fully as pleasant in summer as in winter, and in some ways are even more attractive at that season. It may appear paradoxical to think of going to the tropics to keep cool, but as a matter of fact the smaller islands have an average summer temperature far lower than that of New York, while extremes and sudden changes are unknown. Only in two or three islands do venomous snakes occur, and these are so rare and are confined so exclusively to the forests or "bush" as to be unworthy of consideration. As far as noxious insects are concerned, one is more troubled by insect pests in the North than in these islands. Flies are very scarce, mosquitoes are almost absent—save in the vicinity of swamps—and the centipedes and scorpions are no more to be feared than northern wasps or hornets, and one might live for months on the islands and never even see one of these much maligned creatures.

With reasonable care no Northerner need fear disease in the West Indies. The once terrible yellow fever has been stamped out; malaria is less common than in our own cities; smallpox—when it does occur—is of so light a form that no one pays any attention to it, and in many of the islands intestinal or stomach diseases are absolutely unknown. Taken all in all, the West Indies are far healthier than our

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own States, and two of them—Cuba and Porto Rico—lead the entire world in point of health.

Certain of the islands are well known and are favorite winter resorts for Americans, and Cuba, Porto Rico, Jamaica and Nassau are crowded with tourists, “society” and temporary residents throughout the winter months. But these are by no means the most attractive nor the most beautiful of the islands which encircle the blue Caribbean Sea. If you wish merely to avoid the rigors of a northern winter; if you must have all the “modern improvements” in order to exist in comfort and enjoy life; if you must motor, golf, tango, attend the opera or otherwise conduct your life as in the metropolis, by all means go to Havana, Kingston or some other large city of the tropics and keep in the beaten track. If, on the other hand, you love beautiful scenery, are interested in strange people and quaint ways, or are seeking new experiences, visit that chain of island-gems which stretches in a broad curve from Porto Rico to the tip of South America and which is known as the Lesser Antilles.

Here the arrival of the weekly or monthly steamer is an event and the commercialism and civilization of the North have not yet destroyed the picturesque and primitive ways or disturbed the customs, tradition and life of centuries long past. By days of travel these islands are close at hand; by customs,

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manners and life they are as remote as the Antipodes. In them are combined all the majesty of the Alps, the beauty of Capri or the Bay of Naples and the luxuriance of a vast hothouse. It is to bring these islands to the attention of the public, to describe and make known their beauties and attractions, to point out their most interesting features and to provide a reliable guide to the Isles of Spice and Palm that this book has been written.

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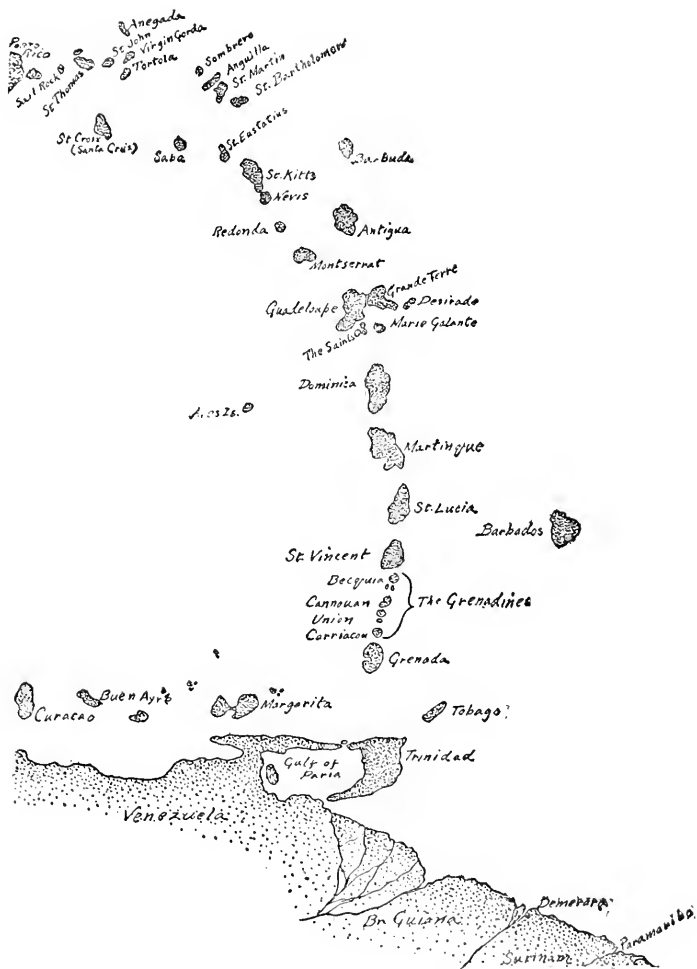
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**ISLES OF
SPICE AND PALM**



MAP OF THE LESSER ANTILLES. THE ISLES OF SPICE AND PALM

ISLES OF SPICE AND PALM

CHAPTER I

WHERE DENMARK RULES

IT is an ideal voyage—the trip across the Gulf Stream and the summer seas—where winter is left behind the second day out and the ship plows southward with flying fishes skittering across the tranquil water and the Southern Cross twinkling above the rim of the sea. It is not too warm—the sweeping Trade-winds temper the heat of the sun until the air is like a balmy day in June—and rarely is there enough sea to disturb the most sensitive passengers.

Here and there upon the indigo water patches of dull-yellow Gulf-weed are seen, and hourly they increase in number and size until,

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on every hand, there are vast areas of the weed—gleaming like acres of dull gold in the brilliant sunshine—for the course lies close to the edge of the fabled Sargasso Sea, where enormous quantities of the strange sea growth float and drift at the will of winds and currents. At last a blurr of haze is seen upon the horizon and soon the cloudlike shadows resolve into the lofty mountains of Porto Rico and the many peaked hills of St. Thomas.

After five days of naught but sea and sky St. Thomas seems fair indeed with its hills, covered with greenery, towering for over a thousand feet above the sea and at their feet tiny villages nestling by sandy beaches and with coconut palms fringing secluded coves.

Rounding a jutting headland the magnificent harbor of Charlotte Amelie is entered with the picturesque town spreading upward on its three hills, its white, red-roofed houses gleaming in the sunshine and the white-crossed, scarlet banner of Denmark fluttering above the customs house. To the left is the great dry-

WHERE DENMARK RULES

dock and the huge coaling station of the Hamburg-American Line and to the right the larger and more modern coaling docks of the Danish Government. Formerly St. Thomas was one of the busiest ports in the Antilles, for its deep and safe harbor, its coaling facilities, and the fact that it is a free port, brought ships from far and near, and the harbor was always filled with a fleet of steam and sailing vessels flying flags of every nation.

Today its commerce has disappeared, the European war has closed the German coaling station, the Panama Canal has taken from its trade, there is no agriculture to fall back upon and aside from gathering bay leaves, distilling bay oil and earning a few dollars carrying freight and passengers to and from the ships in the harbor the people have few means of making a livelihood. But they are a care-free happy lot, and while largely black and colored the inhabitants are pleasant, courteous, and the white element is wonderfully hospitable. Everyone speaks English, although Danish is

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the official language, and the boatmen, owing to their dealings with ships of many lands, usually speak half a dozen tongues, and will accept coins of any nation. There is not much to be seen in St. Thomas, although the town is extremely picturesque, scrupulously clean, and possesses a peculiar attraction all its own. There is but one straight and level street, which runs close to the waterfront from east to west, and from this side streets lead sharply up the hills, often so steeply that they are built in flights of steps. Along the main street are many stores and shops where the visitor may purchase cigars and cigarettes, bay rum, and Panama hats at bargain prices, and in the market place are many odd and new tropical fruits and vegetables. Close to the landing place is a tiny plaza filled with palms, shade trees, and flowering shrubs, and nearby is the quaint and ancient red fort where stolid Danish soldiers laze in the shadows of the massive gateway. Above the town, upon the summit of the central hill, is an ancient tower known as "Black-

WHERE DENMARK RULES

beard's castle," while on the hill to the east is a similar structure called "Bluebeard's tower." Although neither of these ever had any connection with their famous namesakes, yet they are well worth visiting for the splendid views of the town and harbor which may be obtained. Seen from these heights the whole panorama of the landlocked harbor, the pretty town, the outlying islets and even the distant, hazy outlines of St. Johns, Porto Rico, and the Virgin Islands, lies at one's feet. Just north of the harbor, and separated by a hilly, narrow cape, is a great harp-shaped bay, its surface sparkling in the sunshine and tinted with wonderful shades of sapphire, amethyst and turquoise where the water laps the sandy beaches beneath the nodding palms. In times long past this lovely bay was a famous resort for pirates and buccaneers who laid in wait to dash forth and prey upon the merchantmen passing through the Caribbean. Today it is silent and deserted but a favorite place for bathing and picnicking.

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Far beyond the peninsular that separates this charming bay from the open ocean and rising abruptly from the sea is a most remarkable object. This is Sail Rock—a barren pinnacle, so shaped that its white cliffs appear exactly like a square-rigged ship under full sail. Even close at hand the resemblance is startlingly perfect and even mariners have been deceived by this strange bit of nature's handiwork when seen at a distance.

A more extensive view may be obtained by climbing upward to the summit of the hill behind the town and which is known as "*Ma Falie*," but the visitor who labors to the top is far more likely to pronounce it "My Folly," for the road, or path, is steep and rough, the sun is hot and the results are scarcely worth the effort of the ascent. Though usually green and fresh yet there is no forest growth upon St. Thomas and the island is very dry in comparison to the other Antilles. There are no lakes or rivers and the scarcity of water is made evident by the method employed in se-

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curing water with which to sprinkle the streets. Instead of filling the cart from a hydrant, the St. Thomas street-sprinkler is driven to the edge of the dock, the driver perches himself upon a shelf-like board at the rear and by means of a bucket attached to a rope dips up the seawater to fill the tank.

VIRGIN ISLANDS

Eastward from St. Thomas and visible from its hills are the Virgin Islands, mere specks on the map, seldom visited by steamers and belonging to various nations. The nearest to St. Thomas is St. John, also Danish, a rugged, forest-covered spot famous only for the superior quality of its bay leaves and bay oil and with scarce two thousand inhabitants, most all of whom are blacks.

Though scarcely known to the outside world, yet St. John is the source of more than half the bay rum of the world and which has made the name of Michelson and St. Thomas famous. The latter island produces

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some bay leaves, it is true, as do all these Caribbean islands, but the most extensive bay tree groves of the West Indies are on St. John and from here the finest bay oil is shipped to St. Thomas, and to foreign lands as well, to be used as the basis of bay rum. Tortola, Virgin Gorda, and Anegada come next—all British and seldom visited, but all beautiful; while still farther eastward lie Anguilla, a British island; St. Martin's, half French and half Dutch, and Saint Bartholomew, a Dutch colony. Though very small and of little importance, yet these unfrequented islets are very mountainous and many of them are fertile and forest-covered. In the days of the old buccaneers they were a favorite rendezvous of the freebooters, their numerous bays, lagoons and reef-protected harbors affording the pirates a safe refuge where none dared follow. Here came all the wild and reckless sea-rovers of the Spanish Main to feast, drink and carouse, and the islanders grew rich from their pirate customers and the now dead and



CHARLOTTE AMELIE. ST. THOMAS



FREDERICKSTED. SANTA CRUZ

WHERE DENMARK RULES

forgotten ports swarmed with armed craft flying the banner with the skull and crossbones. One of the group—Saint Bartholomew, or St. Barts, as it is more often called—belonged to Sweden until 1878, and during the American revolution its port of Gustavia was a famous resort of privateers. To this out-of-the-way harbor were brought goods of every imaginable sort captured from the British merchantmen, and so vast was the quantity stored at Gustavia that when Admiral Rodney attacked and sacked the town he captured merchandise worth over two million dollars. Today fishing, salt manufacture and a meager cultivation of the soil are the only industries and the people find it hard indeed to keep soul and body together.

SANTA CRUZ

But to the southward of St. Thomas, across some fifty miles of the bluest of blue seas, lies another Danish island with a present as well as a past and far more interesting than its

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moribund neighbors of the "Saints and Virgins." This is Santa Cruz or St. Croix—the island of the Holy Cross—a land of rolling hills, smiling valleys and white beaches, the whole set in a sea of wondrous brilliancy and color. From the summits of its lofty hills to the breaking surf upon its shores Santa Cruz is marvelously green—green of every imaginable tint and shade, from the delicate yellow-green of young cane to the malachite of pine-apples, the emerald of logwood and the deep color of bay trees. Sugar is king in St. Croix and everywhere, as the steamer skirts the coast, vast fields of cane are seen, spread like a patchwork quilt of green across the lowlands, covering the hillsides and often reaching to their very summits. Here and there the towers of ancient windmills dot the landscape; the tall chimneys of sugar mills rise from amid the cane, and from groves of trees and clumps of palms neat houses and buildings peep forth. It is a charmingly pretty spot, almost artificial in its trim, well-kept aspect, and with

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a coast where cliffs and headlands alternate with snow-white beaches and palm-fringed coves, each lovelier than the last, until, on rounding a wooded point, the ship drops anchor in the harbor of Frederiksted.

Sweeping in a great crescent is the snowy coral beach, fringed with the turquoise sea, and just above the water's edge are the white, pink and yellow buildings shaded with feathery palm trees and sharply outlined against the soft green background of the hills.

Frederiksted, the chief town and port of call, is locally known as "West End," while Christiansted, fifteen miles distant, at the opposite extremity of the island, is called "Bass-end." Neither of the towns possesses any noteworthy buildings or unusual attractions, but they are clean, neat and well kept, with stores and warehouses of Spanish-American type, attractive wooden and concrete residences with cool, shaded balconies and pretty flower-filled gardens. Frederiksted is far more tropical and foreign in appearance than

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St. Thomas, but the streets are of white coral limestone which reflects the heat and light of the sun in a blinding glare, and the visitor seldom cares to linger long in the confines of the town. There are numerous carriages and automobiles for hire at extremely reasonable rates, and one cannot do better than to hire one of these conveyances and drive into the country where all is fresh, cool and attractive. Santa Cruz possesses admirable roads, some following close to the edge of the coast and affording glimpses of beautiful beaches where one may enjoy splendid sea bathing or may see huge piles of pink conch-shells ready to be burnt for lime. Other highways lead into the hills and to various sugar and pineapple plantations, while the most attractive of all is the highroad that carries one across the island to Christiansted.

Although subjects of Denmark the people of Santa Cruz all speak English, as do their St. Thomas neighbors, and in many ways the island is more American than Danish, for its

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trade has always been with the United States, the best plantations are owned by Americans, and in former times it was a favorite health resort for people from the States. In fact, the only signs of Danish dominion are the names of the streets and storekeepers, the quaint, obsolete fort, a few dozen foreign-looking soldiers and the scarlet flag, with its white cross, which floats lazily above the government buildings.

Of all things in Santa Cruz, perhaps the most interesting is the little packet schooner which plies between the various Danish islands. This little vessel, the *Vigilant*, has sailed the waters of the Caribbean for nearly two centuries and has been a pirate, a slaver, a privateer and a man-of-war by turns. Her tiny cabin has been the scene of many a wild orgy; upon her decks many a fierce corsair has paced to and fro; in many a hard-fought battle her scuppers have run red with human blood, and in her hold fettered captives have wailed out their untold misery while rotting

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beneath an equatorial sun. Through storms of shot and shell, through tidal waves and hurricanes she has held her own, and could her staunch teak timbers tell their tale, 'twould prove a story more wonderful, more fascinating and more thrilling than the wildest fiction ever written.

CHAPTER II

OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK

NEARLY fifty miles eastward from St. Croix, massive, conical Saba rises from the sea; beyond it Statia, with the grand sweep of its lofty volcano and dim in the distance—hazy and as elusive as the clouds that drift above it—looms St. Kitts.

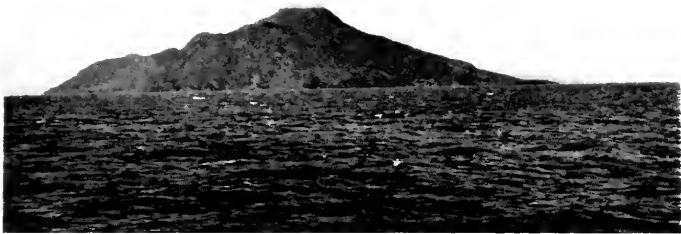
Strangest of all the islands and wonderfully interesting is Saba. Here on this sea-girt, isolated, volcanic cone the people dwell in a snug little town, nearly one thousand feet above the sea, on the floor of an extinct crater, and although literally at the top of the island, the name of the town is "Bottom." Passing Saba on the south, no one would dream that human beings dwelt upon the frowning mass

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of rock, but when sailing to the eastward one may catch glimpses of red-roofed houses and a tiny church nestling amid the greenery of its lofty hills and valleys. Strangely enough, most of the Saban men are sailors and are famed as seamen on all the seven seas, as they have been since the days when doughty Van Trompe and sturdy Van Horne, with brooms at their mastheads, swept the oceans clean.

Stranger still, throughout the Caribbean one sees trim sloops and schooners with "Saba" painted across their counters as their home port, and yet the island has no harbor, no safe anchorage and no good landing place.

To reach Saba one must voyage by sloop or schooner from St. Kitts or one of the larger islands, and despite the discomforts of the passage the trip is well repaid by a visit to this unique island so far out of the beaten track. The passengers disembark or "go aboard," as the Sabans say, upon a steep slope of rock and shingle on the southern shore of the island. Here, close to the water, stands



THE GREAT CONE OF SABA RISING FROM THE SEA



SALT PONDS. ST. MARTINS

OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK

a little wooden building, above which floats the flag of Holland, for Saba is Dutch and the tiny hut serves as the customs house and the office of the harbor master of this harborless island.

Above the landing place a rough flight of stone steps—eight hundred in number—leads up the precipitous side of the mountain. Up and down this “ladder,” as it’s called, or over an even more difficult path on the other side of the island, all goods that go to or from the town are carried on peoples’ heads. It is bad enough to toil up the stairway empty handed, yet the Sabans think nothing of the trip even with a half barrel of flour or a tierce of pork for a load.

Inland from the top of the “ladder” is a broad, green plain enclosed on every hand by towering peaks, and in the center the little village of white, red-roofed houses surrounded by well-tilled fields and carefully tended gardens. Across the cultivated lands run high stone walls with cañon-like lanes and by-

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paths between, for rocks are the most abundant things in Saba and those removed from fields and gardens are piled up into walls higher than one's head.

Here in the crater the people dwell in a temperate climate of perpetual June and the gardens are filled with potatoes, strawberries and corn growing side by side with yams, bananas and oranges, while over walls and porches clamber tropical vines gorgeous with flowers. Of the fifteen hundred people dwelling here many are black, but mulattos are seldom seen, for the Dutch pride themselves on the purity of their blood, and the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed children, the pleasant-faced, fair-haired women, and the elderly pink-skinned men are such as one might see in Holland itself. As most of the able-bodied men are sailors, comparatively few young men are seen, and some one has remarked that it's well that most of the Saban men die at sea, as otherwise there would be no soil at home in which to bury them. As a matter of fact, most

OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK

of Saba's men come back to their tiny island home to spend their old age, and in their lofty aerie pass their time by watching the many ships that ply the neighboring seas but never stop at this out-of-the-world spot. But while seldom visited, the Sabans make frequent trips to the other islands where they find a ready market for their fruits and vegetables, as well as for the delicate drawn work for which the Saban women are famed throughout the islands.

Of all Saba's industries, perhaps the most important and strangest is boat building. Think of it! Here in a volcanic crater, 1,000 feet above the sea, where every plank and timber must be carried on men's heads, are built boats which for staunchness and seaworthiness are famous in all the West Indies. Truly it's "hard to beat the Dutch."

ST. EUSTATIUS

Twenty miles east of Saba, and about the same distance from St. Kitts, lies St. Eusta-

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tius, more commonly called 'Statia, and also a colony of Holland. Like Saba, Statia is merely the summit of an extinct volcano rising from the sea, but whereas Saba is steep and precipitous on every side, Statia extends in a long, fairly level stretch to the northward. While far less interesting than Saba, yet Statia should be dear to the heart of every patriotic citizen of the United States, for here the American flag was first saluted by the guns of a foreign power. It happened back in November, 1776, when the *Andrew Doria*, a saucy privateer of Baltimore, sailed into port with a thirteen-striped, red, white and blue banner floating from her masthead, and from the guns of old Fort Orange a salute boomed out in honor to the new flag. It was an unfortunate act on the part of good old Governor De Graaff, however, for it brought the British down upon poor Statia and Lord Rodney captured stores and plunder to the value of fifteen million dollars. Today one could scarcely find so many cents in Statia, for

OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK

it is merely the shadow of a once glorious and prosperous past. In olden times the island was a vast garden, rich with cane, tobacco, indigo and cotton fields and coffee groves and with a population of some 20,000 people. During the eighteenth century it was one of the most important of Caribbean ports, and during our revolution the roadstead of Port Orange was the resort of countless ships and privateers, drawn thither by the great stores of naval and military supplies brought from Holland and which proved of immeasurable value to the Continentals. Today ruined warehouses line the beach, abandoned plantations and estates are scattered over the island, and the inhabitants number scarce two thousand souls. But Statia's soil is as fertile as ever; sea-island cotton, limes and other crops are being cultivated, and at no distant date Statia may again take her place among the prosperous islands of the Caribbean.

To visit Statia one must travel by sailing vessel or mail packet from St. Kitts, but the

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trip is hardly worth the trouble, for the only sights of interest to be seen are the ancient church wherein Mynheer De Graaff and other sturdy Dutchmen worshiped, the old cemetery with its great carved headstones, and hoary old Fort Orange with its quaint cannon pointing their mute muzzles seaward above the same parapets from which they saluted the ancestor of Old Glory so many years ago.

Interesting as are these islands out of the beaten track, far more attractive and alluring are the islands beyond, of which St. Kitts is the first—a vast expanse of sunlit green, scarce twenty miles beyond Eustatia of historic memories.

CHAPTER III

THE BRITISH ISLES

BEAUTIFUL, luxuriant and smiling is fair St. Kitts. Beside it St. Thomas becomes a barren, desolate spot, and Santa Cruz seems but commonplace. From the cloud-wreathed summit of Mount Misery, 4,000 feet above the sea, to the palm-fringed beaches all is green. Forests clothe the mountain slopes, great cane fields stretch across hill and dale, and sweep downward to the very edge of the blue sea, and palms are everywhere. They stand like great, plumed sentinels upon the ridges sharply outlined against the azure sky; they stretch in endless rows along the perfect roads and wave in countless thousands along the beaches. Gleaming like gold where

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the sunlight strikes, almost black when the shadow of a passing cloud drifts across the landscape, and purple in ravines and valleys, the island is an ever-changing panorama, a great patchwork of every imaginable shade and tint of green.

From Sandy Point, at the northern end of St. Kitts, the land slopes upward to Mount Misery, an active but sleeping volcano, and close under the slope of the mountain snuggles a steep-sided, isolated hill, rising abruptly from the level, cultivated lands about. This is Brimstone Hill, once a strongly fortified place and still crowned by ancient walls and battlements upon which millions of pounds were spent. Today it is deserted, save for the wild monkeys which haunt the woods and wild lands of the island, descendants of apes brought years ago from Gibraltar by the soldiers who formerly garrisoned St. Kitts. Beyond this ancient stronghold the mountains decrease in size and terminate in a high, rounded hill in the midst of a broad cane-



BASSETERRE FROM THE HARBOR. ST. KITTS



THE "CIRCUS" BASSETERRE. ST. KITTS

THE BRITISH ISLES

covered plain. This is Monkey Hill, and almost at its foot and stretching along the curving beach lies Basseterre, the capital and port of the island.

With its many-colored buildings, waving palms and beautiful setting, the little town is wonderfully pretty, while the bright-hued boats, the sloops riding at anchor and the throngs of chattering negroes give an air of life and animation to the scene.

At the head of the long landing pier stands the customs house, a large roomy building and the most prominent structure on the waterfront. Just beyond, the streets converge in a circular open space, surrounded by towering royal palms and with an ornamental drinking-fountain in the center. This is known as the "Circus," and about it and in the immediate neighborhood are the principal stores, business houses and shops of Basseterre. The streets are smooth, broad and well kept, there are many two- and three-story buildings, and the town as a whole is far neater and more pre-

ISLES OF SPICE AND PALM

sentable than in many other British islands. There is a very pretty open park or plaza in the town, with smooth lawns, avenues of great trees, lofty palms and gorgeous flowering shrubs, and with a fountain in the center. Here one finds true tropical vegetation and everywhere about the town strange trees, brilliant flowers and teeming plant life is seen. Above the houses palms sway in the breeze, about the porches clamber purple bougainvillea, sweet-scented jasmine and orange trumpet vines. In the gardens and yards crotons grow in rank profusion, roses bloom the year through and gardenias laden the air with their heavy odor. Above stone walls and fences frangipani and poinciana stretch branches ablaze with color and—uncared for and unnoticed—night-blooming cereus plants display their wondrous flowers.

It is all wonderful and fascinating to the visitor from the north, and a walk through the botanic station close to the town will reveal still more remarkable and interesting forms of

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tropical plant life. If one does not care to walk, there are plenty of carriages and motor cars to hire, and for a very moderate sum the visitor may drive everywhere about the town and far out into the country. The roads of St. Kitts are excellent and one highway completely encircles the island. A visit to one of the sugar estates will prove interesting, and while the bulk of the island is cultivated, yet there are many natural scenic attractions. On the Wingfield Estate there is a beautiful cataract, nearly one hundred feet in height. Lawyer Steven's Cave is well worth a visit, and from the summit of Monkey Hill one may obtain a magnificent view of the surrounding country, with Basseterre in the foreground, the low conical hills beyond, and still further to the southward the towering, symmetrical cone of Nevis with its crown of clouds.

If the visitor is fond of mountain climbing or is ambitious to see all that may be seen, the ascent of Mount Misery may be made. The climb should preferably be made from Sandy

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Point, and from here one may ride toward the summit for about eight miles to the "Sir Gillis Estate," where, accompanied by a guide secured at Sandy Point, the real climb is begun. The trail is easy to follow and the steep ascent is robbed of half its toil by the wonderful sights of the "high bush" which greet the stranger on every hand. Everywhere the great forest trees tower upward; their dense tops often more than one hundred feet above the earth, their bases spreading in great buttresses for a score of feet, and trunks, branches and limbs draped with a network of vines and lianas and bedecked with strange air plants and brilliant orchids. Here, where the sunlight seldom penetrates the dense canopy of leaves, it is damp and cool, and a vast silence reigns, broken only by the plaintive notes of shy forest birds, the rustle of lizards among the leaves, or perhaps the distant chattering of a troop of frightened monkeys. A little higher and mountain palms and giant tree ferns replace the forest trees, and finally, amid

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the stunted vegetation of the wind-swept summit, one reaches the rim of the crater and looks down into the pit. From rim to bottom is nearly a thousand feet, and down the almost perpendicular walls the trail leads. Here and there immense trees and luxuriant vegetation cover the sides of the crater, at other places bare precipices rise sheer from the bottom, their faces stained red and yellow by sulphur fumes which fill the air and rise continually from innumerable boiling springs below.

Often a small pond or lake fills the center of the crater, but at other times it is dry, and though steam hisses upward from the fissures and crevices, one may walk about in safety within the crater. History records no eruption of Mount Misery, and at the time of the eruption of Mt. Pelee in Martinique there was no noticeable increase in the activity of the crater at St. Kitts, but the volcano is not dead—even though it slumbers—and no man shall foresee when it will again break forth and over-

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whelm the island in part or whole. But it is not necessary to descend into the crater in order to be rewarded for the stiff climb, for the view from the summit of Mount Misery is transcendently grand and beyond the power of mere words to adequately picture. Spread like a map at one's feet lies the island, its cane fields seemingly as flat as boards, the roads stretching like slender ribbons here and there, tiny dots marking villages and plantation buildings, the forest-covered mountain slopes like soft green moss and all encircled by a sea of marvelous hue and outlined by a slender line of snowy surf.

Far to the north St. Martins and St. Barts break the perfect circle of the sea; to the west, Statia and Saba stand mere dots against the gleaming sapphire waves; to the south looms Nevis, with Montserrat a blur beyond; to the east, low-lying Antigua rises above the ocean's rim, and, if the day is clear, one may even catch a glimpse of a shimmering, opalescent, phantasmal form against the horizon to the



MENDING NETS ALONG THE BEACH, ST. KITTS



NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS ON A GARDEN WALL, ST. KITTS

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south—the lofty mountains of distant Guadeloupe.

But despite its natural beauties, its wonderful fertility and its varied surface, St. Kitts is almost poverty stricken, though once among the richest and most prosperous of the West Indies, for with the decline of sugar the island's fortunes waned and no other crop has yet been found to take the place of cane. Strangely enough the great war in which Great Britain is involved has proved a benefit rather than a detriment to England's colonies in the West Indies, and with the increased price of sugar St. Kitts is regaining a little of her lost prosperity.

The Kittifonians, in common with the natives of many of the islands, have a curious form of celebration known as "Running mask," which takes place at Christmas time and just before Lent.

It is a sort of Mardi Gras, but far wilder, more primitive, and more picturesque than the carnival merry-making of New Orleans and

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other places of French antecedents. Clad in the weirdest and most striking of costumes, the natives swarm through the streets and highways, in groups, crowds, pairs and singly. Many are clad in garments which they imagine imitate the aborigines—gaudy tunics, high feather crowns and fluttering ribbons—the whole ornamented by tiny mirrors and with gauze masks over black faces. Others, clad only in breech cloths, hideously painted and bedaubed with tar, simulate bands of wild Africans. Others with bull's horns tied on their heads, clad in cowhides, diabolical masks over their faces and with clanking chains dangling from their shoulders, represent "jumbies" and evil spirits, while still others don gaudy costumes, bright rags, old misfit clothing and homemade masks of every conceivable size, pattern and design.

Dancing, cavorting, yelling and singing, they overwhelm the towns which are completely given over to the occasion. Into dooryards and shops they swarm, begging drinks which

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are never refused, chanting strange songs, performing savage dances and accompanied by so-called musicians playing weird strains on triangles, pipes and "sand boxes"—strange instruments like gigantic nut-meg graters which are rubbed with a piece of steel umbrella rib. Houses, huts and stores are gay with bright-colored cloth, bandanas and flags. Masses of palm leaves and scarlet poinciana flowers cover walls and doorways, and strings of bunting are stretched across the streets. Here and there athletes give free exhibitions of their skill in the roadway; groups of tumblers perform marvelous feats for the benefit of the crowd; stilt walkers, towering above their fellows, go through mad gyrations, and gangs dragging chains and ropes seize unwary pedestrians and hold them captive until their freedom is bought by drinks for their captors. For several days at a time the carousal continues, while at night fires blaze in the country and the suburbs and the dull boom of tom-toms breaks the silence of the tropic

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night. In the lurid glare of the flames the negroes dance about, chanting monotonously, tossing their arms aloft, rolling their eyes, twisting, writhing, contorting their bodies, until the onlooker can scarce believe he is not gazing at a cannibal feast in the wilds of the dark continent.

But despite their temporary lapse into savagery, they are all good-natured, happy and law-abiding, and disorder, quarrels or disturbances seldom take place while the masqueraders hold sway.

NEVIS

Barely five miles distant from St. Kitts and across a narrow strait to the south is Nevis, a lovely isle whose present state is even sadder than that of her sister colony.

A small island, scarce fifty miles in area, Nevis sweeps upward from the level coastal plains into a huge, majestic cone, clear-cut, symmetrical and beautiful in its perfection.

Once famous throughout the world as a

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health resort and gay with the wealth, society and fashion of Europe and the Indies, Nevis today is poverty-stricken and dead. The great hotels where ruffled gallants in knee breeches danced the stately minuet with bepowdered London beauties are now in ruins. The walls of stately mansions that once echoed to the revelry and laughter of princely banquets now shelter squalid negro huts. The streets through which link-bearers lit the way for nobility's sedan chairs are now rough, weed-grown and swarm with pickaninnies, and the broad green fields of cane that once brought lordly riches and vast fortunes to the planters now scarce serve to provide a means of livelihood to their present owners.

With a glorious climate, fertile soil, medicinal waters and wondrous beauties, Nature has been bountiful indeed with Nevis, but with the abolishment of slavery, the difficulty in securing adequate labor and the decline in sugar, the island has gone steadily backward, until today the once "Gorgeous Isle" is almost

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unknown and forgotten and is seldom visited. Other causes, too, have contributed to the island's downfall. A severe earthquake visited Nevis in 1680 and destroyed the capital, Jamestown, which slipped bodily into the sea with all its riches and its people, and on clear days the visitor may still see the ancient walls of the submerged city standing, coral-encrusted, upon the ocean's bed. Hardly had the island recovered when the French invaders swept down upon it, and after them came drought and blight. Starvation threatened, and all those who could do so emigrated to newer and more promising lands in the North American colonies. But despite its decadence and forlorn condition there is much of interest in Nevis. Here Alexander Hamilton was born and here he dwelt until eleven years of age, and his home, although in ruins, may still be seen on a hill near Charlestown, the capital. It was in Nevis also that Lord Nelson was married, and in the ancient "Fig Tree Church" one may view the marriage register recording

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the ceremony as follows: "1787, Mar. 11. Horatio Nelson Esq., Captain of H.M.S. *Boreas*, to Frances Herbert Nisbet, widow." The thermal springs near town are still in existence, although the famous "Bath House" is in ruins, the submerged city may still be seen and lovely drives may be taken about the island. Attempts are being made to replace the cane with cotton and other crops, and it is to be hoped that some day lovely Nevis will once more regain the place which it occupied for so many years and which it so justly deserves.

The lack of prosperity, the retrogression and the lamentable apathy so evident in Nevis and St. Kitts are common, to greater or less extent, to the other British islands, and this is somewhat strange, as they are as fertile, as diversified and as well adapted to man's needs as the neighboring French colonies which possess an air of life and animation, of prosperity and of progress, in marked contrast to their British neighbors. The only explanation lies

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in the character of the people. The colored folk of the French islands are far superior to those of the British isles; they possess the vivacity and energy of the French; they are ambitious, they take pride in their personal appearance, and while independent and at times overbearing in their belief that they are the equals, if not the superiors, of the whites, yet they have an inborn courtesy, a natural gaiety and an intelligence absolutely lacking in the negroes of the strictly English islands. That the character of the colored people has a direct bearing upon the conditions of the islands is well illustrated in the case of Dominica, a British island lying between two French possessions and with a population of French ancestry, French language and French traditions.

MONTSERRAT

Compare Dominica—prosperous, self-supporting and progressive—with Montserrat—an island of almost identical possibilities—or

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with St. Kitts or Antigua, all of which have been British for centuries.

Montserrat lies southeast of St. Kitts, some fifty miles distant, and is as fair a spot to look upon as one might wish to see. From the line of breaking surf along its beaches, broad, green fields sweep back to the central mountain slopes, with their orchards of limes, groves of cocoa and neat, terraced gardens. In the center a great, square-topped, pyramidal cone rises from the plain, at right and left are two huge, bowl-shaped craters—their scarred and riven sides clothed in perpetual green—and hidden amid countless palms the little town of Plymouth nestles by the sea, its walls washed by the waves, and behind it a white ribbon of road leading upward through the fertile valley. No wonder that Montserrat was originally settled by the Irish, for its lovely valleys, velvet-green mountains and rippling streams must have reminded them of old Erin, and truly there is no spot more worthy of being

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called the "Emerald Isle" than this green gem in the Caribbean Sea.

But, with all its beauty and attractiveness, there is little enough to see in Montserrat. On either side of the dock great stone walls, extensive buildings and substantial houses tell of the former prosperity, but all look very dilapidated now, and from ruined, broken-down courtyards palms wave above roofless walls and once beautiful courtyards are filled with miserable huts. Some of the streets are well kept and smoothly paved, but everywhere poverty and apathy are conspicuous. Gardens, riotous with gorgeous flowers and tropic verdure, are surrounded by tumble-down walls, tiny hovels squat where there should be mansions, and everywhere swarm ragged, unkempt negroes basking in the sun, happy in doing nothing and continually begging. The one redeeming feature of the town and the most interesting thing about the island is the broad brogue upon the peoples' tongues and their true Irish blarney. Good-natured, quick at



A BIT OF WATERFRONT. PLYMOUTH



A STREET IN PLYMOUTH

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repartee and care-free, the Montserratans have inherited many of the traits of their "wild Irish" forbears. Red-headed, freckle-faced negroes are not rare, and Celtic names are everywhere in evidence. Above the shop doors one may read such names as Patrick Donahue, Michael O'Brien and Edward Harrigan, but no son of Erin would recognize the black proprietors as fellow countrymen. A drive through the island will reveal many beautiful spots, some fine estates and numerous signs of returning prosperity, for limes and lime juice are superseding sugar and cane and Montserrat lime juice is known the world over. One of the craters is still somewhat active and contains hot springs, bare, steaming hot deposits of sand and sulphur and streams of boiling water, and as it is easy of access, a visit to the "Soufrière," as it is called, is a pleasant diversion. Eastward from Montserrat is Antigua, the seat of government of the Leeward Islands, and between the two is lonely, desolate Redonda, a mere rocky pin-

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nacle rising for one thousand feet above the sea, surrounded by tossing waves, barren of vegetation, and yet with a population of more than one hundred souls, for Redonda, isolated, forbidding and bare, is rich in phosphate rock and some seven thousand tons of the material are annually mined and exported.

ANTIGUA

Very different from all the other islands of the chain is Antigua. No lofty volcanic cones pierce the clouds, no towering, green-clad mountains rear their summits against the sky, for Antigua is a limestone island, and compared to Montserrat, Nevis, St. Kitts or even St. Thomas, it seems low and flat indeed. It is far from level, however, and some of the hills are nearly one thousand feet in height.

Viewed from the sea Antigua appears dry and somewhat barren, and while it often suffers from drought, yet much of its soil is rich and some of its inland plains and valleys are capable of growing almost anything.

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St. Johns, the capital, lies at the head of a deep bay, and as the steamer drops anchor nearly five miles from town and passengers are carried back and forth by launch or sailboat, many visitors to the islands never step ashore at Antigua. At the entrance to the harbor an ancient picturesque fort stands upon a headland and lends a medieval air to the place, while a little farther on is Rat Island, crowned with the white buildings of the leper hospital.

In former times natives afflicted with loathsome diseases were allowed at large on the various islands and were the most repellant features of these lovely isles. Today, with few exceptions, they are confined in modern hospitals, are given the best of care and attention, and as a result leprosy and similar diseases are on the wane. But the visitor to the islands need have no fear of leprosy or any other malady. Cases among the better class of natives are extremely rare; white people are seldom affected, even when long resident, and

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there is really less likelihood of contracting contagious diseases on the islands than in our great cities of the north.

St. Johns is prettily situated at the head of the harbor, with the rolling hills about it, the streets are straight and well laid out, but the town is a blot upon the island. There are a few good buildings, such as the Court House and Government buildings, and an excellent market, but between and about the better structures, crowding the side streets and lining the main streets, are countless frail wooden houses, mere shacks, unpainted, askew and out of repair. Through shortsighted policy the government taxes improvements, and to save taxes the people keep their homes and stores unpainted, unkempt and neglected. A good fire, that would sweep the town, would be of vast benefit to St. Johns, as well as to many of the other islands. Such a blessing in disguise rejuvenated Port of Spain, but alas! St. Johns has a fire department, and as much energy is used in quelling the fire in a miser-

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able hut as if the burning structure was a priceless mansion.

Above St. Johns the great Anglican church dominates the scene, and from its towers a splendid view of the town, harbor and surrounding country may be obtained. The church itself is of interest also, for it is unique in its construction, being veritably one church within another. Although not volcanic, yet Antigua is subject to earthquakes, and once, during an unusually severe tremor, the old church tumbled to pieces in a few moments. Noticing that the stones fell inward, instead of out, the Antiguans ingeniously built a wooden church and surrounded it with a structure of masonry, so that in case of a second disaster the congregation may be safe from falling stones, and even if the outer shell falls they will still possess a wooden church in which to worship. In the churchyard are many ancient tombs and graves and much time may be spent in deciphering the quaint inscriptions on the age-gray, weathered tombstones, while

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above one gateway to the churchyard are statues said to have been captured from a French ship by the British during the wars for supremacy in the islands.

A broad, smooth savanna lies beyond the church; there are tennis courts and cricket grounds; smooth avenues shaded by rows of mahogany trees, and a very beautiful garden about the attractive Government House. But of all places about the town of St. Johns the public garden or Botanic Station is the most interesting and attractive. It occupies a shady dell a short distance from Government House and is filled with magnificent palms, flowering trees and shrubs, great shade trees, giant bamboos and strange tropical plants. Though very small, as compared to the gardens in some of the other islands, it is so crowded with vegetation, so cool and shady, and so nearly in a state of nature that it possesses an attraction all its own.

Close to the entrance to the gardens a large lighthouse stands boldly on a little hill, and at

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its foot lies a tiny pond. At first sight it seems as if the lighthouse was intended to throw its guiding beams across this miniature lake, for no other water is visible, but in reality the beacon serves to guide vessels entering the harbor and may be seen from the sea, although quite out of sight when one is in the town.

Although there is little of real interest in the city, the island is covered with roads and highways and a carriage or motor car may be hired for a drive through the outlying districts. There is little in the way of scenic attractions, it is true, but numerous secluded beaches provide splendid bathing, and English Harbor, formerly a great dockyard and famous as the spot where Nelson's fleet refitted, is an interesting and pretty spot. The valley of petrifications, where specimens of fossil wood and trees may be gathered, and the great sugar mills are also worthy of a visit. Antigua has always been essentially a sugar island and years ago the natural timber growth was de-

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stroyed. Even fruit trees have been sacrificed for fuel, and today the island owes much of its barren aspect and its terrific droughts to the lack of trees. Vast cane fields stretch everywhere, rows of palms line roads and fields, but the scenery is monotonous and like a great well-tilled, featureless farmland. So long has Antigua produced nothing but cane, so lacking in water and so thin the soil that its fertility is well-nigh exhausted and many crops that will yield a good profit will not grow. While at the present time sugar pays, the island will never regain its one-time prosperity and has far from a bright future. Unless something is found to replace the cane, unless some new industry is developed, or unless the war continues indefinitely and the high price of sugar is maintained, Antigua will find it hard indeed to make both ends meet, and slowly but surely this once rich and prosperous island will become bankrupt and forsaken.



ST. JOHNS AND ITS HARBOR



STREET SCENE IN ST. JOHNS

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BARBUDA

If the visitor to the islands is fond of the chase he should not fail to visit Barbuda, a low, flat islet some thirty miles north of Antigua and formerly owned by the Codringtons, who lived like feudal lords upon this tiny bit of land, literally monarchs of all they surveyed. Here from Africa they brought slaves to till the fields; from England they brought cattle, hogs, sheep, goats and fallow deer, and to afford sport with which to while away their spare time they introduced Guinea fowl, pheasants and other game to add their quota to the pigeons, doves, ducks and plover that already teemed upon the spot.

Today Codrington Village is merely a collection of wattled and thatched negro huts wherein the blacks dwell as simply and almost as primitively as did their ancestors in Africa. The "Great House," wherein the former owners dwelt and entertained in princely style, is now delapidated and neglected, but the fields and forests teem with game and one may ob-

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tain a permit from the agent in Antigua to hunt upon this island game preserve.

There are no springs nor streams in Barbuda, the people depending upon cisterns and the animals upon pools and crevices of the rocks for their water supply. The soil, though once productive of luxuriant crops, is thin and covered with dense jungles of chapparel and thorny scrub, and the hunter, wandering through the overgrown fields, with their great rock walls, scrambling over the vine-entangled ledges and stalking the wild cattle, deer and Guinea fowl, might well imagine himself in the wilds of Africa.

Here and there among the tangled bush are ancient ruins, and near the landing place are the remains of a once strong fort with a quaint Martello tower still standing, for Barbuda, now the haunt of wild birds and beasts and semiwild people, was once the lurking place and stronghold of even wilder and more savage men—the pirates and buccaneers of the Spanish Main.

CHAPTER IV

UNDER THE TRICOLOR

VAST as a continent seems Guadeloupe as one steams along its shores in the lee of its mighty mountains. One of the most surprising features of these islands is their size, and the stranger is invariably overwhelmed with wonder to find places which are mere specks upon the maps, extending as far as eye can see from horizon to horizon and towering in massive mountain ranges for a mile and more into the blue vault of heaven.

Even more inadequate do mere figures prove when one undertakes to travel across and through the islands. We may learn that an island is but thirty miles long and fifteen

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wide, but we don't realize that a large portion of the area is "set on end," nor do we dream how much land, what stupendous mountains, broad plains, great swamps, roaring torrents, enormous waterfalls, great lakes, deep valleys and vast forests can be crowded into 450 square miles until we tramp, ride or drive over such an island as Guadeloupe.

St. Thomas may have seemed lofty after five days of endless sea and sky. Santa Cruz appeared the freshest and greenest of lands. As you gazed at St. Kitts it seemed impossible that anything could be more varied or luxuriant or that mountains could be higher near the sea, but all are rolled into one and multiplied a hundredfold in the bulk and majesty of this island over which floats the tricolor of France. Guadeloupe really consists of two islands; one Guadeloupe proper, mountainous, lofty and magnificent; the other, Grande-terre, low, fairly level and commonplace, and the two separated by a narrow creek known as Salt River.

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Aside from the two main islands, Guadeloupe embraces the three small, lofty islands known as the "Saintes"; great, terraced Marie Galante and flat-topped Desirade—in all an area of nearly 700 square miles. Guadeloupe proper forms the northern and western portion of the island and rises in forest-covered headlands, abrupt cliffs, steep, hog-backed ridges, and superb mountains sweeping inland and ever upward to the great bulk of Soufrière, with its summit 5,000 feet above the breaking surf. Now bathed in the mist of drifting clouds, anon brilliant in the glorious sunshine, marvelous in its luxuriant verdure, wonderful in its coloring and grandeur, the northern half of Guadeloupe presents a sublime panorama of mountains, valleys and shore. Upon this mountainous portion of the island is Basseterre, the capital, but steamers seldom touch there, for the commercial and industrial center and chief port is at Point-à-Pitre, at the leeward mouth of Salt River, on low-lying Grandeterre.

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After the mountainous magnificence of the northern part of the island, this low, level, southern portion seems dull and monotonous indeed, but its soil is marvelously rich, and nearly every inch of its surface is cultivated, the chief crop being cane, a large portion of which goes to the great Central or "Usine" of Arbousier close to the docks of the town, and which is one of the largest sugar mills in the world.

The harbor is almost landlocked and is entered through a narrow, tortuous channel between numerous reefs, and in comparison to the more northern islands the port presents a busy, bustling scene. Before the sugar mill, moored to the docks and swinging at their moorings, lie steamers, square-riggers and sailing craft of every size and nation. Puffing tugs, coasting steamers and launches ply here and there; bright-hued fishing boats come and go and strings of great, clumsy lighters move slowly back and forth between the anchored ships and the busy quays.

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The city itself is well and regularly laid out, the streets are fairly wide, smooth and straight, and those eyesores of the British islands—the miserable shanty-like huts—are entirely lacking, save in the poorer quarters and the suburbs. With their French love of bright colors the natives of Point-à-Pitre keep their buildings covered with a coat of paint, and while the brilliant blues, pinks, reds, yellows and greens might appear garish and gaudy in the north, they seem quite in harmony with the brilliant sun, gaily attired women and dazzling sky of this tropic city, and give an air of brightness, life and gaiety to the place which is very pleasing.

There are comparatively few imposing buildings at Point-à-Pitre, for fires, earthquakes and hurricanes have played havoc in the past and the natives have wisely decided that it is cheaper and easier to rebuild frail wooden structures than buildings of concrete and stone. The massive cathedral near the center of the city is the largest building and

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faces a little open square surrounded by the law courts, municipal buildings and several handsome residences set in the midst of gardens glorious with flowers, shrubs and flaming poinciana trees. A larger open plaza is just beyond, with a broad promenade, shaded by huge sandbox trees, leading to the inner harbor, and there is also an attractive public garden, a theater, a museum and a chamber of agriculture in the town.

But the center of attraction and the busiest spot of Point-à-Pitre is the market, where, on Saturdays, come the country people from far and near to sell their produce and their wares. At such times the square occupied by the market fairly swarms with men, women and children; the din of the French patois is deafening and the place is ablaze with color. Here, for the first time, the visitor sees the picturesque, attractive native costumes of the French islands; the dress that lends comeliness and distinction to the colored women; that is wonderfully becoming and which makes the



A GUADELOUPE BELLE



STREET SCENE IN POINT-A-PITRE. GUADELOUPE

UNDER THE TRICOLOR

French West Indian women appear as of a different race from the ragged, unkempt, slovenly negresses of Antigua, Montserrat and St. Kitts.

Although differing in details in the various islands, the French West Indian dress is very similar whether in Guadeloupe, Martinique or Dominica—for Dominica is more French than English, though under Britain's flag, and sandwiched as it is between two colonies of France, it has retained its French characteristics to large extent.

The dominating feature of the costume is the turban—not a cheap, cotton bandana as in our southern states, nor yet the carelessly tied square of gaudy cloth of the British isles, but a gorgeous striped and checked affair made and sold for this special purpose and known as a "Madras."

In each of the islands the Madras is tied in a distinct manner, and by the form of their turbans the natives of Guadeloupe, Dominica or Martinique may be distinguished. In

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Guadeloupe the Madras is tied in close folds about the head and is knotted over the right temple, with the two corners spread open like fans to form a jaunty, plume-like bow. On either side the hair is coiled into conical masses which serve to hold the turban in position, and as many of the women have hair far too short or too kinky to braid and coil, artificial cones of hair are often pinned upon the head. Across the shoulders a bright silk foulard is neatly folded and strings of gold and coral beads encircle the neck. The dress itself is a short-waisted affair, with enormous, flowing skirt of large pattern and flaming colors, and great dangling earrings of gold complete the costume. Thus attired the Guadeloupe women are marvelous to behold, and no lily of the field—much less Solomon—was ever attired like unto one of them. To see them at their best one should visit the city on a holiday or Sunday, but there are plenty about on weekdays and even the working women wear costumes very similar, although to provide

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greater freedom for their movements, the trailing skirt is tucked in a great roll about their waists and a battered hat is often perched rakishly on the gay-hued Madras.

The brilliant costumes, the throngs of people, the busy shops, creaking drays, hurrying motor mail-trucks, tooting motor cars and incessant chatter of Guadeloupe's metropolis are in wonderful contrast to the lazy, indifferent, half-dead appearance of the British isles, and while the streets are far from as clean as one could wish, the sun's heat is great and the white streets scintillate with a blinding glare, yet there is an attractive "Frenchy" air, a strange foreign atmosphere and an impression of prosperity and business about Point-à-Pitre which is really fascinating.

Unlike the British, the French colonists never "put all their eggs in one basket," so to speak, but placed their seat of government and capital at one spot and their port and commercial center elsewhere. This led to an even distribution of population and wealth, it en-

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couraged cultivation of the soil throughout the islands, and, most important of all, it resulted in building and maintaining excellent roads from one point to another. In Guadeloupe the roads run everywhere; hard as concrete, smooth as asphalt and winding around mountain sides, through valleys, over hill and dale, across streams and along the coast, and affording magnificent drives and wonderful glimpses of the superb scenery of the island.

An automobile line makes regular daily trips from Point-à-Pitre to Basseterre, and one cannot do better than to take this trip if one wishes to get a good idea of Guadeloupe's resources, beauties and scenery. Many small towns and villages are passed en route; over a score of rivers are crossed, and near Bay Sainte Marie there is a mighty waterfall, dropping, as if from the sky itself, in a silver thread amid the deep green foliage of the mountains back from the coast. Basseterre itself is far less interesting than Point-à-Pitre and is not much more than half the latter's size. The

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town contains an old cathedral, the Basili-que, dating from 1694, a market shaded with great tamarinds and with a fountain in the center, and a few good government buildings. Back of the town proper and at a higher elevation stands an old stone fortress, and behind this is the garrison and Government House. It is a charming location, with an extensive view and enclosed on three sides by two beautiful rivers, with verdured, palm-shaded banks. Between the streams lies a large attractive plaza, shaded and bordered by towering royal palms and with an ornamental fountain, fed by the clear mountain streams, in its center.

From the capital one may make numerous excursions to points of interest in the island, such as Camp Jacob, the summer residence of the government, and Sainte Claude, a delightful spot amid the hills; but if one wishes to experience a trip worth while, by all means ascend the Soufrière. Loftiest of Guadeloupe's mountains and an active volcano, Sou-

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frière is well worthy of a visit for those interested in natural wonders and magnificent scenery. The ascent, though steep and in spots trying to those unaccustomed to mountain climbing, is not fraught with hardship, and the altitude at which the actual climb commences is sufficient to temper the heat of the tropical sun and make the temperature cool and agreeable.

It is best to start from Camp Jacob, a charming spot over two thousand feet above the sea and in the heart of the coffee growing district of the island, for this is within easy reach of the trail to the summit, and an early start may be made before the sun peeps from above the eastern hills. For a time the trail leads through groves of pommerose with their delicate, scented fruits; beneath great clumps of giant bamboos with their feathery foliage and byglades overhung with tree ferns, wild plantains, dangling vines and all the rank vegetation of the tropical wilderness.

Soon the great "high woods" are reached,

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with their giant trees, mazes of hanging lianas and cool, moisture-laden air. Onward and ever upward the way leads; crossing streams of hot and cold water, plunging into dark ravines, skirting the verges of precipices and climbing up steep, rock-strewn, slippery slopes. Gradually the trees give way to thorny palmettos, gigantic ferns and matted grass, through which the guide is forced to hew a path with his machete, until the last stunted vegetation is passed, and emerging upon the wind-swept summit one comes suddenly in view of the crater.

Like a great bowl it lies in the hollow of the mountain top, a vast, desolate area of glaring sand and red, burnt rocks, half veiled in clouds of steam. Patches of sulphur gleam yellow in the sun, evil-smelling vapors drift upward on the wind, and the silence of the mountain heights is broken by the subterranean rumblings, incessant detonations and hissing steam jets of this bit of the Inferno. Standing upon the crater's rim one cannot but speculate as

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to when the volcano will break forth and pour its stream of red-hot mud, its scalding floods and bursting lava bombs over the peaceful island. But no man can say; it is mere guess-work, for the last eruption was in 1815, and during the Martinique eruption in 1902 the Soufrière merely grumbled louder than usual—like some terrible ogre disturbed, but not aroused, from peaceful slumber.

Interesting, awe-inspiring and weird as is this scene, the trip would still be well repaid even without the crater, for the view from the summit is grand beyond description. From here one looks forth upon a wondrous panorama of forest-covered mountains, lofty peaks, cañon-like ravines, smiling valleys and cultivated lands. Salt River winds like a gleaming serpent between its mangrove-covered banks; toy-like Point-à-Pitre squats by the side of its silvery harbor, with a vast green sea of cane beyond, and on every side stretch far-reaching waters dotted with the tiny Saints, Desirade and Marie Galante and with Domin-

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ica, soft as a cloud form, elusive as a wraith, pearl-like and opalescent upon the shimmering southern rim of the sea. Among these peaceful and beautiful islands it is hard to realize that the mother countries are struggling in murderous conflict, but the war is brought very close indeed to the people of the French islands. Thousands of the happy-go-lucky, care-free natives are being drafted, and white, black and brown together—often in chains—are herded like cattle upon transports and shipped to the battlefields of Europe.

It is unutterably sad and pitiful to think of these childlike people filling the trenches to form targets for shot and shell; fighting and dying for a country they have never seen and hoping and praying that by some miracle they may live to once more see the cool, green mountain heights, the waving palm trees and the surf-washed beaches of their far-off island home.

CHAPTER V

THE LOFTIEST OF THE CARIBBEES

AS the mountains become higher and more majestic as one sails southward from St. Thomas, so also do the beauties and luxuriance of the islands increase, until altitude, scenery, vegetation and grandeur culminate in Dominica—loftiest and most beautiful of the Caribbees and largest of the Leeward Islands.

From sea to clouds Dominica is one stupendous mass of towering, forest-clad mountains, mile-deep gorges, broad plateaus and fertile valleys. At the very edge of the surf rise frowning precipices and titanic peaks. From the dense verdure of the vast forests roaring cataracts plunge down for hundreds of feet to

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foaming rivers tumbling through purple-shaded cañons. On shelf-like tablelands, in emerald amphitheaters among the hills, in infinitely colored valleys, nestle tiny villages and wattled huts. Coppery cacao groves, deep-green lime orchards and golden patches of cane and bananas break the solid mass of verdure. Palm trees wave and sway above the beach-rimmed coves, and over all, sublime, grand and majestic, towers Morne Diablotin, its mighty summit draped in clinging clouds a mile and more above the sea—the highest peak in the Lesser Antilles.

For mile after mile, as one sails along the coast, mountains and peaks follow in endless succession; some close above the shores and seemingly overhanging the passing ship; others farther inland and separated by gigantic forest-filled clefts, and still others—hazy and blue in the distance—peeping between the summits of their nearer fellows. At the head of a broad bay, enclosed between jutting lofty headlands, the little town of Portsmouth

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gleams amid its palms, and Layou stretches along its river banks a little farther on. Valley after valley opens to view, each with its miniature town, and at last the ship drops anchor off the port of Roseau. Flanked by great mountains, with the broad and fertile valley stretching inland to the distant peaks, its sea-wall fringed with breaking surf and its red-roofed buildings clear-cut against the tropic foliage and marvelous greenery, the town appears most beautiful from the sea and gives the finishing touch to the lovely land.

As in many another case, "distance lends enchantment to the view," for Roseau is scarcely more than a town of hovels, and is an eyesore and a blot upon this wondrously perfect isle.

But whatever shortcomings one may find in the architecture of Roseau, there can be no criticism of its cleanliness or its picturesqueness. Every street within the town, whether roughly cobbled narrow lane, or broad, smooth, well-kept thoroughfare, is provided with open

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gutters filled with rushing mountain water, and daily the pavements are swept and scoured. There are a few good buildings in Roseau, and remnants of great stone walls, elaborate gateways and massive steps testify to the former architecture of the town, but as in Montserrat, Antigua and St. Kitts, ramshackle hovels and diminutive huts have been built on and within the ruins of better days, and the aspect of the decent stores and residences is ruined by the miserable shacks which crowd between and about them. It is not poverty that keeps Roseau in its present state, for Dominica is the most prosperous and richest of the islands, nor is it lack of energy and progress on the part of the people, for the Dominicans are industrious, intelligent and progressive compared to their neighbors; but as long as the powers that be tax improvements and discourage betterment, just so long will the natives adhere to their unpainted shanties and just so long will Roseau remain an architectural ulcer on the land.

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Bad as it is, Roseau is not so hopeless as one might expect from its appearance. There are numerous well-stocked stores, several excellent boarding houses, a good hotel, an ice factory, a Carnegie library, a museum and two clubs in the town, besides the historic Catholic cathedral, the Anglican and Methodist churches, the Government house and offices, the Bishop's residence and the convent. In addition there is the jail, an excellent hospital, a number of fine residences and an interesting old fort. Moreover, Dominica is one of the healthiest spots in the world. Stomach and intestinal diseases are very rare, typhoid is unknown, malaria and similar maladies are not common, and there is not a case of leprosy on the island. The climate is very equable and is rarely oppressively hot, save in the town itself, but the rainfall is excessive, and while less rainy from December until April than during the rest of the year, yet there are no "dry" and "wet" seasons, but rather a "wet and a wetter," as one Dominican ex-



CARIB TYPES



A BIT OF COAST, DOMINICA

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pressed it. In the hills almost any temperature may be found, except freezing, and a half hour's walk will take one from the tropical climate of sea level to the spring-like air of a nearby mountain top. It must be borne in mind, however, that the higher one goes the greater the rainfall, and while this may be a disagreeable feature, yet the very luxuriance and beauty of the island depend upon the drenching showers that fall at any and all times and often without warning from a cloudless sky. Everywhere in Roseau, and for that matter throughout the island, black and colored people predominate, for of its thirty odd thousand inhabitants scarce one hundred are white; but color is only skin deep in Dominica, and the people are uniformly courteous, good-natured and hospitable, and are the happiest and most contented people in the world. Among the better class there are many wealthy men; many have been educated in the great universities of Europe; others have traveled throughout the world, and

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as a rule they are as intelligent, well read and conversant with the topics of the day as their white neighbors.

English is spoken quite generally by the townspeople, but in the outlying districts and among themselves the natives adhere to their strange local dialect known as "patois," an uncouth jargon of French, African and Carib words—with a smattering of English—and which with slight variations is also the favorite tongue of the negroes in St. Lucia, Grenada and Trinidad.

As already mentioned, Dominica and the Dominicans, although nominally British, are far more French than English. French names predominate among the people; towns, rivers, mountains and other places are called by French names; the basis of patois is French and the natives cling to French customs in life, habits, costumes, holidays and manners.

Although so thoroughly French in many ways, yet the Dominicans are intensely patriotic and contributed nearly thirty thousand

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dollars to the relief and war funds of England. Think of it! nearly one dollar apiece for every man, woman and child upon the island—more per capita than contributed by any other British colony. No wonder the Dominicans are proud of the two military aeroplanes provided with their money and have perpetuated their patriotic gift by adopting the aeroplane as an emblem of the island.

Here in Dominica dwell the last of the Caribs—the original aborigines of the Antilles and once fierce cannibals, but now the mildest-mannered and most peaceful of people. Few of the pure bloods are left, for to save their race from extinction they have been compelled to marry among the negroes, and the majority of the tribe are of mixed blood, although many of them are markedly Carib in features. Far over on the windward side of the island they dwell, on their reservation at Salybia, where they earn a livelihood raising garden truck, fishing, working for the neighboring planters or weaving their beautiful waterproof baskets

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which are used as trunks and traveling bags by the people throughout the islands. It is a long, hard journey overland to the Caribs' home, but the visitor need not take the trip in order to see the remnants of this once powerful and warlike race. On market days, and especially on Saturdays, the Caribs fare forth in their narrow dugout canoes, and braving surf, wind and waves—for no finer boatmen exist—sail around the island to Roseau. Several may usually be seen in the market at such times or one may find them gathered in little groups about their laden canoes at the landing place by the sea wall.

They are short, stocky, yellow-skinned people, broad of countenance, almond-eyed and more Mongolian than Indian in appearance. While stoical, quiet and retiring before strangers, they are as talkative, gay and fun-loving as one could wish once their friendship and confidence is won. Unfortunately they are inveterate drinkers, and, as with our own Indians, liquor will prove more fatal than bul-

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lets, and in a few years the last of this race, which Spanish, French and British failed to conquer and subdue, will be conquered and destroyed by this far more merciless and treacherous foe.

One can scarcely step ashore in Dominica without finding something of interest, while natural beauties are so numerous that one scarce knows which way to turn first. On a low hill to the right of the town stands the old fort, but now used only as a police barracks. Oddly enough, the embrasures of the fort point toward the town, but this is not so strange as it may seem when we stop to remember that in olden times the danger of a slave uprising was quite as great as that of invasion by an enemy. Moreover, it was quite out of the question to prevent a foe from landing, whereas, after he had taken possession of the town, it was quite easy to knock the build-ings about his ears and drive him forth, even if the town was sacrificed by so doing. Such things happened more than once in Dominica's

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past, for the island was a bone of contention between France and England for over a century and its ultimate ownership was only established when Admiral Rodney fought his memorable battle with the fleet of De Grasse off Dominica's shores in 1782.

A right good part did the old fort play during that great sea fight while the inhabitants looked on the bloody struggle from the heights, and today one may frequently pick up ancient, rusty cannon balls amid the shrubbery and weeds of Roseau's gardens or may stumble on long-forgotten mortars and howitzers, overgrown with vines and brush, upon the nearby hillsides.

Opposite the fort is the Government House, with its tennis courts, lawns, stately palms and gorgeous flower beds, and just beyond the fort are the library and museum, in a beautiful, shaded little park. Sheer from the sea the cliffs rise for a hundred feet and more to the smooth walks and shaded benches of this park, and here one may gaze forth from the library

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or museum across the blue waters to the great, sweeping curve of shore, with Pointe Michel beneath the slopes of towering mountains and Scott's Head standing like a sentinel to mark the southern extremity of the island.

But of all points about Roseau the Botanic Station is the most fascinating and beautiful. It lies but a few moments' walk up the main street from the waterfront at the foot of Morne Bruce and occupies some fifty acres of rolling land and stretches far up the side of the precipitous morne. Through broad, velvety-green lawns wind smooth gravel roads and everywhere are rows and groups of stately and magnificent palms, strange and marvelous trees, and great masses of gorgeous plants and flowering shrubs. At one side is a large cricket pitch surrounded with enormous, spreading saman trees arching above the path. Royal palms line the drives, gigantic fan-palms and plume-leaved raphias border secluded walks, great talipot palms tower above graceful betel-nut and wax palms,

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for here there are palms from every quarter of the globe and of every imaginable form and size. Flaming poinciana trees spread their scarlet flowered branches above the lawns; great banyans and rubber trees, cannon-ball trees, bead trees, ylang-ylang, mahogany, eucalyptus, teak, ebony and a myriad of other trees attract by their curious growth or odd forms, and glorious hibiscus, purple bougainvilla, brilliant cannas, flowering cacti and odorous gardenias add color to the grounds.

Stretching from the lawns to the foot of the morne are the fruit trees and experimental plots, and here one may see limes, lemons, oranges, grape fruits, duriens, nutmegs, cloves, cinnamon, coffee, cacao, vanilla and every other tropical fruit and spice tree blooming and bearing under the most favorable conditions and with the best of care. It is a liberal education merely to wander through these model gardens, for here all the most useful and remarkable vegetation of the tropics is



ROSEAU AND BOTANIC STATION FROM THE MORNE. DOMINICA



ENTRANCE TO THE BOTANIC STATION. DOMINICA

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gathered together, labeled and catalogued, and if the visitor saw nothing else in Dominica his trip would be well worth while.

A few yards beyond the gardens the road crosses the tumbling Roseau River over an iron bridge, and stretching up the valley beyond, as far as eye can see, are vast lime orchards. This is the famous Bath Estate, the largest single lime estate in the world and belonging to Rose and Company of London. To the left are the buildings, mills and plantation house of the estate, and anyone interested in the resources and industries of the islands should turn aside here and see how lime juice and lime oil are made. Dominica may well be called the Land of Limes, for upon this fruit the island's prosperity depends and without exception it is the greatest lime-producing country on the globe.

Here and there beneath the lime trees sit little groups of negro girls and women with huge piles of limes beside them and deftly rubbing and pressing the fruit upon funnel-

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shaped graters to extract the fragrant lime oil. Carts loaded with green and yellow limes rumble along the roads; men, women and boys, with baskets and boxes of limes upon their heads, pass in a constant procession; beneath the trees the ground is covered with the golden fruit; the air is filled with their aroma; cattle and cows munch them by the wayside, and one marvels as to what becomes of such vast quantities of the fruit. Tons and tons are crushed for lime juice, and countless numbers are used for making citrate of lime and thousands of barrels are shipped green to our northern market. During the summer months from six to seven thousand barrels are often shipped on a single steamer, and while cacao is produced in enormous quantities on the island, "Limes are King" in Dominica, for their introduction proved the salvation of the island and through them the Dominicans have won their way to prosperity instead of drifting backward into poverty, as have their neighbors in the other British isles.

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No other island in the West Indies, and few places in the world, can boast of such varied and beautiful scenery and such natural wonders as Dominica. Aside from its magnificent mountains, its rugged, picturesque coast and its wonderful forests, there are great cataracts, fresh-water lakes nearly a mile above the sea, hot springs and geysers, and, most remarkable of all, the Boiling Lake, which might well be classed among the wonders of the world. The fresh-water Mountain Lake is easy of access and is reached by a horseback ride over a fairly good road, and even without the lake as an objective point, the trip is well worth taking for the magnificent scenery and wonderful primeval forests through which the way leads.

For some distance after leaving Roseau the road passes through lime orchards and cacao groves, winding beneath steep-faced hills and with the rich valley and sparkling river close at hand. Steadily the road ascends, shaded with palms and great trees, bordered by masses of gigantic grass, flowering vines and gardens

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of bananas, plantains and cassava, until at a turn of the path, one draws rein beneath a grove of giant bamboos and looks back upon a marvelously beautiful scene. Far in the distance dances and sparkles the sapphire Caribbean, breaking in a thread of white along the shore. Nearer the pale-green and yellow cane fields reach upward on the hillsides and gradually blend into brighter greens and wonderful shades of verdure as cane gives way to limes, limes to cacao and cacao to forest. In the center flows the silver, foam-flecked ribbon of a river; while near at hand towering mountains and mighty hills cast deep purple shadows; the whole so magnificent, so shimmering with light and color, so marvelously luxuriant that words fail and one gazes spellbound upon the glorious scene. But this is merely an introduction to what is in store as a sharp bend in the road brings one into the heart of the mountains. Here the air is cool and damp and a semi-twilight fills the great cañon-like valley through which the road leads, for scarce

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a ray of sunlight ever penetrates between the mighty peaks that tower precipitously on either hand, while the deep silence of the forests is broken only by the tinkling of a mountain brook and the flute-like call of the siffleur montagne—a shy, quaker-gray bird that dwells only in the dense forests of these island mountain heights.

From the very edge of the roadway the earth drops sheer for a thousand feet to a foaming mountain torrent in the narrow bed of the defile, and on every hand—on precipice, mountainside and deep within the ravine—stupendous forest trees rear their great buttressed trunks and spread their broad tops far above the reeking earth.

Ever onward and upward one rides for miles through the forest. From moisture-dripping, overhanging banks masses of pink flowered begonias droop; orange and crimson wild plantain blossoms flame among the clumps of gold and silver ferns; strange rare flowers and orchids laden the air with perfume;

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immense tree ferns spread their feathery fronds above the roadway, and back and forth dart brilliant humming birds, flashing like living jewels against the masses of the verdure.

Here and there through openings amid the trees one catches glimpses of mile-deep valleys and distant hazy-blue mountain summits or the silvery sheen of tumbling cataracts, until at last, topping the final ridge, one looks upon the Mountain Lake.

Surrounded on every side by wooded mountain tops, the little cairn gleams like a pool of quicksilver, its glassy surface reflecting the drifting clouds and deep blue sky, its shores verging and blending with the forest growth and masses of water hyacinths mottling its waters with their pitcher-shaped leaves and lavender flowers. Lonely, silent and isolated it rests in this ancient crater among the clouds, winding among the trees, fed by the seeping moisture and dripping mist of the high altitudes and with no visible outlet and bottomless for a thousand feet and more. It is indeed

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a strange place, and while at least three other similar lakes are known on the island, yet this is the only one which can be reached by a few hours' ride from the town, for the others lie buried in the heart of the trackless wilderness and are seldom seen by human eyes, save those of native hunters and mountaineers.

A few hundred yards beyond the lake is the great divide of the island, and if desired one may ride to the summit of the ridge and look down upon the endless peaks, ridges and mountains of the windward coast, with the broad, restless Atlantic stretching eastward to the horizon. Southward from the Mountain Lake a jagged, bare mountain ridge cuts sharply against the sky, and from this, if one looks closely and the day is clear, clouds of vapor may be seen rising, while oftentimes a low rumble like distant thunder is borne on the wind. The sound and vapor are from the Boiling Lake, an active crater beyond the saw-like ridge and Dominica's greatest marvel. Unlike the fresh-water lake, the way to the

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Boiling Lake is hard and difficult and one must be possessed of good heart and lungs, strong muscles and plenty of agility to reach it. Few indeed are those who can make the trip from Roseau and return in one day, and while it *has* been done on several occasions by the author, the wiser plan is to spend a night at Laudat and from there make an early morning start for the volcano. Laudat is a tiny mountain hamlet of little huts on a broad plateau, near half a mile in the air, and nestling beneath the slopes of enormous Morne Macaque, and is reached by a ride over the same route as taken to the Mountain Lake and by turning off at a cross road before the lake is reached. Although but a small village of thatched huts, yet the traveler may rest very comfortably at Laudat, for the villagers, of mixed negro and Carib blood, are very hospitable, well-to-do, pleasant people, and among them are the most skilled woodsmen, the hardiest mountaineers, best hunters and most reliable guides on the island.

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For the first half mile after leaving Laudat the trail leads through the village garden plots filled with bananas, plantains, cassava, taro, yams, sweet potatoes and many northern vegetables, for at this altitude fruits and garden truck of the temperate zones grow as readily as the products of the tropics. Then the 'high woods' are entered and all that one has seen in Guadeloupe, St. Kitts or even on the roadway to the Mountain Lake pales into insignificance beside this forest primeval of Dominica's interior mountains. On every hand rise the massive buttressed trunks, huge, rough, knarled and mossgrown; towering upward, without branch or limb, for a hundred feet or more to where the tops blend and combine in an impenetrable canopy of hazy foliage. Downward from the far-off branches droop vast festoons of vines and lianas, some small and delicate as threads, others great, knotted, twisted cables, but all crossing and recrossing and binding one another, and the trees as well, into an intricate, confusing maze like the tan-

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gled rigging of a great ship. Over vines and trees, on fallen branches and protruding rocks, even on the earth itself, grow myriad forms of strange exotic plants, odd parasitic growths and brilliant orchids, and over all broods a calm, profound and restful silence, broken perchance by the whirring wings of some startled quail-dove or the scampering footsteps of a timid agouti.

Rapidly the path ascends and soon the character of the surroundings changes as one enters a region of new wonders. This is the home of gigantic tree ferns—beautiful plume-leaved trees, forty to fifty feet in height, crowned with thirty-foot fronds, their pillar-like trunks covered with hair-like fiber and the earth beneath knee deep with a soft damp carpet of rotting trunks, fallen fronds and luxuriant moss.

One has scant time to gaze about, however, for the tireless guide hurries onward, while louder and louder rumbles the volcano above and beyond. Pushing through tangled

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jungles, wading foaming mountain streams, slipping, sliding and scrambling over moss-grown rocks and fallen trees and toiling by hands and feet up precipitous mountain sides, the forest at last is left behind and one comes forth upon a hog-backed ridge covered with dry, coarse grass and with enormous forest-filled cañons dropping away on either side. Along this grass-grown, gale-swept ridge the guide leads the way, crawling under or climbing over the gnarled, twisted and dwarfed trees that bar the path until the last ridge is attained and one looks down upon the stupendous crater of the Boiling Lake. From the rocky brink stretches a great, irregular pit nearly a thousand feet in depth and a mile or more in diameter. The sides are seamed, scarred and burnt a vivid red; here and there are glaring white and yellow patches of sulphur or jutting blue-black boulders, while all about gaunt, charred skeletons of trees testify mutely to the forces which tore this gaping wound in the mountain top.

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Almost beneath one's feet a dense cloud of steam floats upward, while in a hundred spots masses of white vapor rise from the dull-red floor of the crater, and from the great pit a deafening, hissing, rumbling roar continually issues. Looking from the height into this awe-inspiring inferno, it seems a truly hazardous feat to descend into the crater itself, but the guide does not hesitate, and beckoning to the others to follow, he scrambles over the edge of the rim. Although the native's bare feet have no difficulty in obtaining a secure hold upon the narrow ledge that forms the path, hard-soled boots slip and slide and dislodge stones that go bounding down the precipice, and one trembles to think of the fate which would result from a single false step or an instant's loss of balance. Back and forth upon the all-but-perpendicular wall the way zig-zags downward, until at last the crater floor is reached and the perils of the descent are forgotten in wonder at the scene about.

On every hand are strewn laval bombs and

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boulders, patches of white sand and masses of borax and sulphur, among which trickle tiny rivulets of steaming, boiling, inky water, while, a short distance away, a group of roaring geysers hurl jets of black water and scalding steam far into the air. From place to place the geysers shift; subsiding in one spot only to break forth with renewed energy a few yards away; at times spouting straight upward, and anon ejecting their boiling discharges horizontally or at an angle. Carefully the guide picks his way across the crater floor, for underfoot is but a thin crust, with many a crack and fissure emitting steam, while in every hollow and depression stinking black water boils and bubbles. At every outburst of the steam-jets the earth trembles and shakes, and to illustrate the frailty of the spot whereon one stands the guide thrusts a stick into the earth, and upon withdrawing it a miniature geyser shoots upward.

From the group of large geysers a good-sized stream of boiling water flows, and fol-

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lowing its banks the guide leads the way toward the Boiling Lake. Soon the crater assumes a different aspect, for no steam issues from the earth, and hardy shrubs, stunted trees, coarse grass and many ferns find a root-hold in the cinder mass and serve to clothe the barren waste with greenery. Pushing through this strange growth, a small ridge is ascended and another area of sulphur, sand, borax and burnt red rocks is reached. All over this second desolate plain, and even in the bed and banks of the stream, are scores of little geysers, steaming pools and roaring fumeroles, while a horrible smell of sulphureted hydrogen pervades the air. Threading his way over this dangerous spot the guide scrambles up a steep, lava-strewn hillside and points to the Boiling Lake—a round, bowl-shaped depression, nearly two hundred yards across and filled to the brim with bubbling, milky water, half veiled by clouds of drifting steam. Gradually the ebullition in the center increases, and boiling more and more violently, soon rises far

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above the surrounding surface, while from the seething mass scalding waves dash and break against the rocky shores.

Harder and harder it boils, while steam pours from its surface, and presently the bowl becomes a roaring, bubbling, hissing caldron, from which the guide suddenly drags one away, explaining as he does so that the vapor is loaded with poisonous gases that have proved fatal to several careless visitors. By ascending the hill and passing to one side one may enter a narrow defile and approach close to the lake's shores, and like as not, by the time this spot is reached, the boiling will have ceased and the lake will lie calm and tranquil in its bed. At times the water even disappears entirely, leaving a deep, mud-coated basin, over which one may walk dry-shod, the only sign of the boiling lake being a circular opening in the center from which wisps of steam and a bubbling sound issue. Not infrequently the Laudat guides carry chickens, pigeons, eggs, yams and other provisions on the trip

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to the crater and cook the viands by boiling them in the lake, steaming them over the steam jets or baking them in the hot earth. It is a strange experience to picnic in a crater and to dine in this weird spot on food done to a turn in Nature's stupendous fireless cooker.

Perchance while at Laudat en route to the crater one may hear or see something of the strange beliefs and superstitions of the people, for the natives, especially the country folk, are firm believers in witchcraft, Obeah, good and bad spirits, "jumbies" and other supernatural beings and tell marvelous tales of all these things. Throughout the islands the people believe in Obeah, and this belief is not confined to the ignorant classes. Many of the prominent and well-to-do planters and merchants have as much faith in Obeah as do the most illiterate peasants, and many of them would not dream of concluding any important business matter without consulting an Obeah man. Many people confuse Obeah and Voodooism,

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but this is a mistake, for the two have nothing in common, save that both were brought over from Africa with the negro slaves.

Voodooism is a form of religion in which "Papa Loi," the "father," and "Maman Loi," the "mother," are the high priest and priestess, whose commands must be implicitly obeyed. The Deity, known as the "Great Green Serpent," is worshiped and propitiated by means of wild dances, unbridled debauchery and unspeakable orgies, including a human sacrifice. As far as known, Voodoo worship does not exist in the Lesser Antilles, but it still holds sway in Haiti, although in most cases the human victim, known as the "goat without horns," is usually replaced by a real goat or kid. Obeah, on the other hand, is a form of witchcraft in which spells, incantations and a lot of hocus-pocus, play the most prominent part. In its simplest and most harmless form it is pure nonsense, while in its most virulent phase it consists of poisoning by diabolical means. But by far the most widespread and

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insidious Obeah practices consist of inspiring fear. So strong is the belief in Obeah, so thoroughly convinced are many of the people that there is "something in it," that men and women are frequently actually frightened to death. Many of the charms of the Obeah men require portions of human anatomy in their preparation and not infrequently children are kidnapped and murdered to provide the wherewithal to concoct Obeah nostrums. Only a few years ago two men were hung in St. Lucia for such a crime and the annals of West Indian courts are full of similar cases. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility or even probability that the baffling "Ripper murders" of New York were committed by Obeah men from the West Indies who found it too dangerous to secure victims at home. Fortunately, Obeah practices are confined almost exclusively to the negroes, and white people are rarely threatened or injured by Obeah men. Every effort has been made by the British officials to stamp out the heathen-

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ish Obeah rites and beliefs, but it is doubtful if any real headway has been made, the only result being to induce greater secrecy on the part of those believing in it. Despite countless fines, innumerable imprisonments and not a few executions, Obeah still flourishes—the darkest blot upon these lovely islands.

But we should not judge the natives too harshly for their seemingly ridiculous and superstitious beliefs. Many strange occurrences have actually taken place, almost supernatural happenings are vouched for by reliable and non-superstitious educated white men and not a few such matters have come under the author's personal knowledge. A book might be written on the known and authentic mysteries which have taken place in the tropics, and while these can no doubt be explained by natural causes, once we hold the key to their solution, they remain at present absolutely inexplicable.

Much time might be profitably spent in Dominica and many pages might be devoted

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to describing its scenery, resources and places of interest.

The hot springs at Wotten Waven, only a few miles from Roseau and reached by an excellent road; the magnificent waterfalls near by; the beautiful Layou Valley; Portsmouth, where the whaling ships congregate, and lovely Grand Bay, on the windward coast, are all easily accessible by coasting motor boats, motor cars, carriages or horseback. Not only is the interior of the island beautiful, but all along the shores are vistas of wonderful variety and attractiveness. On the leeward coast the water is invariably calm, and one may voyage beneath the almost overhanging mountains by launch, rowboat or canoe on waters as tranquil as an inland lake. Southward from Roseau the mountains slope abruptly to the sea and little fishing villages nestle along the shores beneath the palms, while above them looms Sorciere like a titanic monolith marking the strange hole in the sea known as "La Bieme," a spot where one may stand

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upon the shore and drop a line into water a thousand fathoms deep and more. Just beyond La Bieme, and stretching along the perfect crescent of its beach, is Soufrière, at the foot of its mountain-walled crater valley, and across the bay stands lonely Scott's Head, crowned with the ruins of an ancient fort. Today vines clamber over its deserted walls and lizards sun themselves upon its battlements, but in times past many a fierce battle raged about it and walls and battlements ran red with British blood when from across the channel the French sailed forth from Martinique and strove to plant their flag on Dominican soil.

CHAPTER VI

THE BIRTHPLACE OF AN EMPRESS

FIFTEEN miles from Dominica looms Martinique, famous as the birthplace of the Empress Josephine, noted for the beauty of its native women and brought to the attention of the entire world by the eruption of Morne Pelee and the destruction of St. Pierre.

Once full of life and gaiety, dream-like in its beauty and wonderfully prosperous, Martinique is but a shadow of its former self, for over it still hangs the memory of the awful tragedy which wiped out forty thousand human lives, and, as a constant reminder of that terrible catastrophe, Morne Pelee looms grim, threatening and forbidding

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above the desolation that it wrought. Like a spectral Nemesis it rises against the clear blue sky beyond the ruins of St. Pierre, its yawning crater hidden by fleecy clouds, its scarred, seamed sides softened by distance and delicate greenery, which has found a roothold on the once scalding mud-flows, but ever menacing and liable at any moment to break forth in an outburst of redoubled fury.

Of St. Pierre itself only the blackened skeleton remains, but much of the grisly aspect of desolation and death has been obliterated by shrubs, weeds and vines which have sprung up, for in the tropics nature hides her scars rapidly beneath a mantle of green.

A few fishermen and guides have built huts among the ruins, a few of the bolder people are striving to cultivate gardens in the suburbs and a few of the streets have been excavated and cleared. If the traveler wishes he may visit the ruins by boat or auto from Fort de France, but there is little to be seen and photographs taken soon after the eruption are of

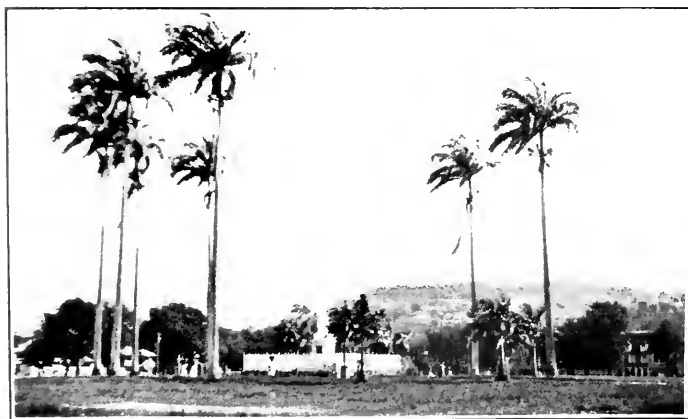
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far greater interest and give a better idea of the destroyed town than an actual visit.

It is a sad sight to see, despite its ever-increasing mantle of green, and it is very depressing to wander through what were once its teeming streets, but which are now the graves of countless thousands. How many lives were lost on that awful day will never be known. It has been estimated that from thirty to forty thousand people fell victims to the clouds of cinders, hail of white hot stones, showers of boiling mud and tornado of blazing gases which wiped St. Pierre from the face of the earth. Perhaps this is an exaggeration, though few escaped from the accursed place, how many no one can tell. There is a popular belief that there was but one survivor—a worthless convict who, burned, scarred and wounded, but still alive was rescued from his subterranean dungeon. As a side show to Barnum's circus this so-called "sole survivor" of the eruption was exhibited throughout the United States, only to return eventually to



THE ODD OPENWORK CHURCH SPIRE AT FORT DE FRANCE. MARTINIQUE



THE SAVANNA, WITH ITS PALMS AND STATUE OF JOSEPHINE. MARTINIQUE

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Martinique and resume his vicious ways. As a matter of fact, however, this villainous negro was not the only inhabitant of St. Pierre who lived to tell the tale of its destruction. Some, who escaped instant death, fled to the woods half-crazed and terror stricken; others sought safety in small villages and settlements on distant parts of the island while a few, fleeing to the shores, put to sea in boats or canoes and found a refuge in Dominica across the narrow channel to the north. By the time the first rescue parties arrived upon the scene of desolation no living beings were to be found and thus the tale went forth that the criminal in his cell was the only survivor. Some of those who escaped still live in Dominica—I have talked with several—but they can tell little of the actual occurrences that took place—mortal terror drove all thoughts of observation and all recollections of importance from their brains.

But there were eye witnesses of what occurred on that frightful May morning thirteen

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years ago and history does not chronicle stories of greater heroism and endurance, or more marvelous escapes, than these. Of all the ships that swung at anchor before St. Pierre, only one escaped, the *Roddam*, which had just entered the harbor and though swept by flame, enveloped in scalding mud and bombarded by red hot stones, Captain Freeman stuck to his post. Suffering the tortures of hell, scalded, seared and with hair, clothes and even his eyelids actually burned off, the gallant skipper guided his stricken vessel for seven long hours through the hissing sea and brought her safely into the harbor of St. Lucia. Upon her decks charred corpses lay in heaps, no woodwork remained unburned above her scarred and flame-seared hull and tons of ashes and mud covered her from stem to stern. Despite his fearful wounds and his terrible sufferings the captain recovered, again went to sea and ignominiously met death in the China Sea years later.

Fully as remarkable was the escape of Chief Officer Scott of the Quebec liner *Roraima*.

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Seeking safety from the oncoming wall of blinding flame he rushed toward the forecastle, but ere he reached it was struck down. Upon him fell ten of the vessel's crew and thus protected and sheltered by the corpses of his fellows he survived, with scarce an injury, the destruction of his ship. Below, within the cabins and saloon, a steward and several passengers were also saved, sheltered from the blast of fire by water which flowed through shattered portholes, and their tale of salvation, as related by themselves, is thrilling beyond words.

South from St. Pierre the signs of devastation disappear, the lofty mountains recede from the shore and the hills and valleys are clothed in dense green verdure. From the central ridges sharp hog-backed hills run downward to the sea, their faces cut sharply off and giving a strange effect of innumerable pyramidal cliffs along the coast. Here and there cane fields and cultivated lands are seen amid the darker forest growth upon the hills or in the

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valleys, pretty villages and tiny towns nestle at the heads of sheltered bays and white-sailed fishing boats bob up and down upon the sea. Steadily the cultivated lands increase, villages and towns become more numerous, and at last a great, almost landlocked bay is reached and Fort de France lies glittering and colorful between sea and mountains.

At the left terraced, verdure-clad hills rise from the water with the red-hoofed, handsome residences of the government officials half hidden in the tropic foliage; to the right the age-gray, frowning walls of Fort Royal stretch outward into the bay and in the center is the pretty, toy-like town.

Fort de France is typically French. The buildings are French in architecture and gay colors; French signs adorn shops and street corners; French gendarmes strut through the streets twirling their fierce mustaches and imperials and the chatter of black, white, and colored throngs upon the streets is a soft French patois. Everywhere are seen the na-

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tive women in their quaint and famous Martinique dress, but while much has been written of the beauty of the colored women of the island, if the truth must be told, they are no more comely than those of Dominica, Guadeloupe or Grenada. Their attractiveness lies in their costume and when the national dress of the French islands has given place to the ugly hats, unbecoming shirt waists and skirts of the north the beauty of the Martinique women will be but a memory of the past.

There are no particularly striking buildings at Fort de France, but the visitor's attention will at once be attracted by the steeple of the church which is formed of open-iron work and appears half finished. In fact, one tourist remarked, "That shows the character of these people, they haven't enough industry to finish their church." But in this estimate he was very much mistaken, the church steeple is quite complete and was built in this fashion to prevent it from toppling over during earthquakes—a fate which befell many of its predecessors.

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Of all things in Fort de France the most attractive and noteworthy is the broad savanna, surrounded by its avenue shaded with enormous trees, and in its center the magnificent statue of Josephine. Surrounded by a circle of majestic royal palms she stands in all her girlish purity of snowy marble, her queenly head turned towards her home across the bay and an ineffable expression of wistful yearning in her carven eyes.

A pleasant sail may be taken to her birthplace at Trois Islets, a little town of some 4,000 inhabitants on the southern shore of the bay. Here the ruins of the house wherein the unfortunate empress was born may still be seen, as well as the old sugar mill where she lived for the first fifteen years of her life, for Empress Josephine was born in the house of an overseer and dwelt in a sugar mill, owing to the fact that the dwelling house of La Pagerie—her father's estate—had been destroyed by a hurricane. Here, too, is the church in which Josephine was baptized, with a picture pre-

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sented to the church by Napoleon at the right of the altar and a memorial tablet to Josephine's mother at the left. On the further side of the savanna is the inner harbor where queerly-rigged sailboats, sloops and schooners, barks and ships and great ocean steamers lie safely moored in the shelter of the fort and under the protecting guns of the modern battery on the hill above the town, for Fort de France is well fortified with masked batteries and up-to-date guns.

The market, always an interesting spot in the West Indies, is large and well built, and here one may see the natives of every type laughing, quarreling, bickering and screaming as they buy and sell the innumerable strange fruits, vegetables and products of the island, until the din is all but deafening. While far from clean, the streets of Fort de France are smooth and straight and along the water front is an extensive strip of land, shaded by great trees and with numerous benches, where one may sit and watch the busy

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boat landing, with its picturesque canoes, the teeming docks and the kaleidoscopic multi-colored throng of passers-by. Beside the town, the two rivers, Riviere Monsieur and Riviere Madame, flow into the bay and along their banks one may see many strange and interesting sights. Here come the fishing canoes with their loads of gorgeous fishes. Here beside the stream the fishermen mend and weave their nets beneath the rustling palm trees. Here come the villagers from many an outlying hamlet with boats laden with coconuts, fruits and garden truck. It is a quaint, picturesque, out-of-the-world spot, full of life and color and not without its natural beauties for the river mirrors the overhanging palms and pretty bridges; a miniature ancient ferry-boat crosses the stream and high upon the hill among the foliage the Canal de Gueydon empties its waters in a flashing cascade to the river far beneath. All over Martinique splendid highways lead from town to town through the mountains and valleys and a trip



THE CASCADE OF THE CANAL DE QUEYDON. MARTINIQUE



ALONG THE RIVER BANKS ARE PICTURESQUE FISHING VILLAGES,
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by automobile will reveal some of the most magnificent scenery imaginable. The roads wind through deep gorges, around the edges of sheer precipices; across foaming mountain torrents; past cascades gleaming like silver amid the dense foliage of shadowy glens; through forests of gigantic tree ferns where moisture-dripping banks are gay with pink begonias and flaming orchids and for miles passes through the primeval "high woods" where giant trees rise upward for hundreds of feet, their branches covered with air plants, lianas and vines and forming a tangled maze where shy songbirds lurk and humming birds sip the honey from rare and gorgeous flowers.

Within easy walking or riding distance of the town there are also many places of interest and beauty. In the hills above Fort de France are the hot springs of Fountaine Chaude whose waters are very beneficial in many maladies and where, for a small fee, one may enjoy a warm bath in well-appointed bathing houses. It was not far from here that a royal per-

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sonage once resided, a bloodthirsty, cruel, savage monarch very different indeed from the sweet-faced, unfortunate Creole empress of the French. This potentate was none other than King Behanzin of Dahomey whose murderous and unruly propensities caused the French to tear him from his bloody throne and send him into exile to Martinique. Instead of being placed in chains in a prison cell or being compelled to labor like other convicts on roads or buildings, the black villain was lionized and enjoyed every privilege and luxury the island afforded. With him was his retinue of servants, his court of fellow Africans and his harem, and no doubt he had a jolly good time and thoroughly enjoyed his vacation in Martinique at the French government's expense. In 1905 he was allowed to return to Africa where, doubtless, he entertained his fellow countrymen with many a thrilling and amusing tale of the island across the seas.

Although Fort de France is the only real city on Martinique, yet there are numerous

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good-sized towns, some of great beauty, others picturesque; others noted for their healthful situation and others of interest for their association with the history or literature of the island. All of these may be visited either by steamer or motor car, for not only do the post roads connect the various communes and towns but coasting steamers ply all around the island.

Lorraine, at the mouth of the river of the same name, is on the northeast coast in a rich cane-growing district and from here a road leads to the summit of Morne Pelee and those desiring to visit the volcano and the devastated districts can travel either by auto or boat to Lorraine where competent guides to the summit of Pelee may be secured.

Further north is Trinité, nestling back of the Caravelle Cape and a busy little town surrounded by sugar mills, rum distilleries and cane fields. Near by and also "sugar towns" are Marigot and Sainte Marie, while a little further south is the great bay of Robert with

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its town overlooking the sea from a hill and situated in the midst of fertile lands devoted to cane, limes and innumerable varieties of vegetables. South of Robert is Françoise and its bay with large sugar mills and a magnificent cathedral, while just beyond, and practically across the island from Fort de France, with which place it is connected by a canal, is Lamentin. This is an important town commercially, but is far from healthy as all about are swamps and marshes which swarm with mosquitoes and teem with water fowl and hence are often visited by the local sportsmen. St. Joseph, on the other hand, although in the same commune, is elevated, healthful and picturesque as is Gros Morne at an altitude of nearly one thousand feet above the sea at the junction of the post roads to Lamentin, Robert and Trinité. On the southeastern coast are Vauclin and Esprit in the cacao, coffee and vanilla producing districts, while further south are St. Anne with salt works and a petrified forest near by; Marin, Riviere, Pilote in its

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extinct crater, Sainte Luce, and Diamant with its beautiful sandy shores.

Along the leeward or westward shore everything was destroyed between Basse Pointe, with its bourg of Lorraine, and Carbet to the south of St. Pierre. Carbet itself was partly destroyed by Pelee and for a time was deserted. It is from this point that travelers depart for St. Pierre and its greatest revenue is derived from visitors to the ruined town. On Morne d'Orange near Carbet there formerly stood an immense statue of the Virgin with outstretched arms, a shrine venerated by all passing mariners and known as the "Sailor's Virgin," but both this and the statue of Christ, which also overlooked the bay, were hurled from their pedestals by the searing blast of fire and mud that obliterated St. Pierre and devastated nearly one-fourth of the island's area. Between Carbet and Forte de France is the picturesque fishing village of Case Pilot, while south of the capital and across its lovely bay is Trois Islets, the birthplace of Josephine, and

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directly south of Trois Islets is Anse d'Arlet in the midst of cacao groves, cotton fields and hillsides covered with coffee trees.

Taken all in all Martinique is one of the loveliest islands of the Caribbees, and while it lacks the grandeur and sublimity of Dominica, the massive proportions of Guadeloupe and the smiling, cultivated aspect of St. Kitts, yet it has a charm and beauty, a fascination and an appeal, peculiar to itself. Never again will there be a St. Pierre on Martinique; not for years will it quite recover from the terrible catastrophe of that awful day of the eruption; but despite this scarce-healed wound and without St. Pierre, Martinique is still a queen among the isles that dot the Caribbean Sea.

Perhaps the one greatest drawback to Martinique is the serpent in this tropical Eden—the terrible fer-de-lance—a deadly venomous snake whose bite has claimed many victims.

Silent and wary, this serpent, which reaches a length of six or seven feet, gives no sign of its presence and strikes at the passer-by without

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warning or provocation. As it lives in cane fields, cultivated grounds and forests alike, no one can say where it may be met, and even in the gardens of the towns people have been bitten and killed. By the introduction of the Mongoose from the East Indies countless numbers of the fer-de-lance were exterminated and the eruption of Morne Pelee destroyed many more, but the serpents are far from being extinct on the island and the traveler who strays from the highroad or the towns should use extreme caution as soon as he enters fields, woods or gardens. Fortunately the fer-de-lance is confined to two islands of the Antilles—Martinique and St. Lucia—and in none of the other islands, except Trinidad, do venomous snakes of any kind occur.

A short distance from the southern extremity of Martinique, and standing isolated and alone like a great monolith, a pinnacle of rock rises from the sea. To the casual observer there is nothing strange about this solitary, fang-like crag save its precipitous sides

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and barren loneliness; but Diamond Rock, as it is called, differs from every other rock in the world, inasmuch as it was at one time entered on the British Admiralty lists as a man-of-war.

During the wars between the French and British, in the eighteenth century, Diamond Rock was seized and fortified by an English admiral. By nearly superhuman efforts the British tars clambered up its perpendicular sides to the summit and there, 600 feet above the sea, mounted their guns and stored provisions. Upon this lofty aerie the handful of men commanded the sea for miles around and trained the guns on every French ship that ventured within range. Over and over again the enemy endeavored to retake the rock and dislodge the defenders, but the position was impregnable and every effort of the French failed. At last provisions gave out and the garrison was compelled to surrender, but not before the story of the mens' gallantry had reached England and the rock had been christened H.M.S. Diamond Rock on the official

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books of the admiralty. Knowing the tale and viewing the rock one marvels, not that the French failed to carry it by assault, but that the British ever managed to reach the summit and haul up their guns; truly one of the most remarkable feats in the annals of warfare.

CHAPTER VII

THE GIBRALTAR OF THE WEST INDIES

BARELY a score of miles south from Martinique and in plain view from the latter is St. Lucia, a British isle and the most strongly fortified of the West Indies. After the lofty mountains and impressive grandeur of Guadeloupe and Dominica and the scenic beauties of Martinique, St. Lucia appears hilly rather than mountainous, although its highest ridges pierce the clouds over 3,000 feet above the sea.

But for rugged, broken, irregular mountains none of its greater neighbors can excel St. Lucia. Sharp-pointed, knife-edged, serrated, conical and precipitous, the mountains rise—forest-covered to their summits everywhere—

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while between them are deep, fissure-like valleys, narrow cañons and dark ravines. Along the coasts, bays, high headlands, steep-faced cliffs and deep estuaries alternate, while through the hills and valleys with their robes of cabinet and dyewood forests, run foaming, tumbling streams. It is indeed a beautiful land, filled with spice trees, gorgeous flowers, magnificent views, rare timber and fertile valleys, but its climate is far from perfect and worst of all it is the home of the same poisonous reptile which infects Martinique—the deadly fer-de-lance.

St. Lucia's chief importance lies in its harbor, and as the ship approaches Vigie Head and turns shoreward, one realizes why the island is called the "Gibraltar of the West Indies." Between Vigie Head on the north and coconut Headland on the south the harbor entrance is scarce five hundred yards in width and from either side great forts and powerful guns frown down upon the passing ships.

Inland for nearly two miles the ship steams,

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past the insane hospital—so close to shore that the inmates call to the passing ship—under the guns of the batteries on the lofty ridge to the south and into the great semicircular bay nearly a mile in diameter and completely surrounded by towering hills. At the head of the harbor and stretching along the shore and up the steep hillside, lies Castries, its white buildings and red roofs almost hidden behind enormous piles and miniature mountains of coal which cover docks, wharves and waterfront everywhere. To its splendidly protected and strongly fortified harbor and its coaling station Castries owes its existence, for the town has little to boast of otherwise and the products of the island itself would not serve to keep the place alive.

At Castries the ships moor to the fine stone docks with their hills of coal, and one may step ashore directly into the town. The streets of Castries are smooth, straight and arranged at right angles and the town proper is as flat as a board, for it is built on land most of which

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has been reclaimed from the harbor. There are few attractive buildings in the town, although the general aspect is far neater and cleaner than in the other small British islands. Nearly all the houses are of two stories with the upper floors projecting and forming balconies above the sidewalk and nearly all are kept well painted and in good repair. Only in the back streets and suburbs are seen the numerous, tiny negro hovels, and even these are in far better shape and are more often painted than in St. Kitts, Antigua or Dominica. In the rear of the town a picturesque canal passes beside the street, with rows of great royal palms along its banks and pretty bridges spanning its waters. Above this rises the "Morne" a wooded hill whereon the prominent merchants, well-to-do citizens and others dwell, and on the summit the barracks of the garrison and the houses of the government officials peep from amid palms and shade trees. A central plaza, shaded with great trees, is in the center of the town; there are several attractive

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churches, some fine school buildings, a large market and a few other buildings; but the principal and most interesting sights in Castries are the coal docks and their swarms of black coal carriers.

All the coaling in St. Lucia is done by hand, or rather head, and the majority of the carriers are girls and women. Marvelous as it may seem a ship can be coaled at the rate of 150 tons an hour by this crude method, but when one watches the negro women hurrying back and forth like busy black ants, each with an enormous basket of coal upon her head, it does not seem so wonderful. In an endless, ever-moving chain they run from the coal piles along the dock up the gangway and into the waiting ship, and as fast as the baskets are dumped into the bunkers they hurry back, swinging their empty baskets and singing gaily.

One would imagine that such strenuous labor would be enough to use up any surplus energy on the part of the toiling women



VIEW OF CASTRIES. ST. LUCIA



COALING A STEAMER. CASTRIES. ST. LUCIA

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and the sweating, burly men who tear and dig at the great piles of coal with which they fill the baskets, but they seem to consider it more in the light of play than as hard work. As the women wait to have their baskets filled they dance, laugh and sing, and now and again one of the men will cease working for a moment, grasp his shovel in banjo fashion and strum a tune upon it with a bit of rock held in his fingers. All preconceived ideas of the West Indian negroes' laziness is forever cast aside after watching this scene for a few moments, for no gang of New York stevedores ever worked as hard, as fast, or as willingly as these black coal passers of St. Lucia.

All about the ship, as she lies in Castries harbor, the diving boys swarm. Lithe, brown, grinning and happy they squat, all but naked, in their queer tiny craft and beg for pennies to be tossed overboard. In all the islands there are diving boys and St. Pierre, before the eruption, was famed for them, but of all the islands St. Lucia's diving boys are now the most amus-

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ing, picturesque and skillful. Their funny boats, built from odds and ends of old packing cases, look more like coffins than anything else, but the boys handle them with consummate skill and even sail them about the harbor. Some of them are gaily painted and bear odd and remarkable names, while others are rigged and fitted up as miniature ships. A few are fashioned to represent war vessels, and in doing this the boys have exhibited marvelous skill, ingenuity and inventiveness. Bamboo forms masts and fighting tops, dried palm-buds serve for boats at the davits, a bit of old tin pipe does duty for funnels, wooden cannon peer forth from milk-tin barbettes, and even searchlights, semaphores and rapid-fire guns are counterfeited by means of odds and ends picked up along the wharves and waterfront. Upon the sides of these quaint replicas of Britain's fighting ships are painted names of famous men-of-war with here and there well-known quotations from naval heroes, as, for example, "England expects that every man

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this day will do his duty." No less interesting and amusing are the boys themselves. Perfect amphibians, they tumble, like brown frogs, into the sea at the flash of a coin, seize it before it touches bottom and bob up grinning and ready for more. Many will dive completely under the ship and catch a coin tossed from the further side, and when one's stock of small change is exhausted and business becomes dull the boys will entertain the laughing passengers by singing the latest popular songs with West Indian variations and in a manner which would literally "bring down the house" if presented in vaudeville.

Seen from the ship's deck Castries looks small and far from attractive, but from the summit of Morne Fortune, behind the town, it appears very beautiful with its red-roofed houses gleaming between the wooded slopes and the blue waters of the bay while the ugly coal heaps only serve to outline its shores more sharply. Morne Fortune is nearly 1,000 feet in height and up its sides wind splendid roads,

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and terraces support charming homes and lovely gardens. Here, 450 feet above the harbor, is the fine Government House, at the very summit are the quarters of the soldiers, while scattered here and there are the residences of those who can afford to live here in the healthy cool air of the hill and safe from the unhealthy, fever-laden, ill-smelling town below. After nightfall Castries is almost untenable, for mosquitoes swarm, the stagnant waters give forth the odor of sewerage and damp, miasmatic mists rise from the nearby swamps and marshes. Only those long accustomed to it can live here and it is so deserted and forsaken after dark that it has often been spoken of as "the cemetery." Despite its uninteresting and disagreeable features Castries is a busy little place during the day. The population is enterprising, there are excellent stores, a library, several newspapers and close at hand a very pretty and creditable botanic garden. Though not as large as the gardens at St. Kitts or Dominica, yet the picturesque situation on

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a level bit of land beneath a lofty wooded hill, and its neat, well-kept appearance give it an attractiveness and charm of its own. Moreover, it is not so large as to overwhelm the visitor and one can get a better idea of the contents and can "do" it more readily than its larger and more pretentious fellows in the other islands. The roads of St. Lucia are in the main excellent and a carriage or motor ride into the country is very interesting to one fond of wild, uninhabited country and the flora of the tropics.

Although very fertile and with great natural resources the agriculture of St. Lucia has been greatly neglected and one drives through miles and miles of open meadows, rich valleys, wooded mountains and green hills which only need man's touch to blossom and bear in abundance and where now there are naught but the huts of negro squatters and badly kept, tiny garden plots. Everywhere in St. Lucia dye and cabinet woods abound. More than sixty trees are valuable for their timber, and log-

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wood grows everywhere along the roadside and forms miniature forests in the fields and on the hillsides, and yet St. Lucia would be bankrupt if its coaling station was destroyed or abandoned.

Several years ago the garrison was removed—it has only been replaced since the outbreak of the war—and St. Lucians saw poverty staring them in the face, for they had lived like parasites upon the British soldiers for so long that they had nothing left to fall back upon. It was really a blessing in disguise, however, for agriculture picked up and today St. Lucia is producing a great many limes, much fruit, spices and cacao. Like nearly all the lofty, volcanic Caribbean islands, St. Lucia has its active crater, at a place called Soufrière near the southern end of the island. The crater lies about 1,000 feet above the sea and is readily accessible by a good road from the village of Soufrière at the head of its lovely bay. A coasting steamer makes frequent trips between Castries and Soufrière and even if not at all

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interested in the crater the trip is worth while for the magnificent sight presented by the wonderful Pitons, seen close at hand. Directly from the deep blue sea they rise, two stupendous, conical pyramids of green, their precipitous sides showing gray and bare in spots and their slender, pointed summits nearly three thousand feet above the waves. Surrounded by other hills and mountains they would still be remarkable for their symmetrical form, steep sides and majestic proportions, but here, isolated, their feet in the sea itself and looming dark and sinister against the lurid sunset they are impressive beyond words.

The crater at Soufrière, St. Lucia, is of little interest after viewing those of Mt. Misery, Guadeloupe, and the marvelous Boiling Lake of Dominica, but it has been famed for over two hundred years for the medicinal properties of its waters and is worth "taking in" if a visit is made to the Pitons.

Viewing these great pinnacles at the entrance to the bay, the question of their ascent

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arises and the visitor wonders if any one has ever succeeded in reaching their needle-like summits. For many years repeated attempts to scale the Pitons failed, the first success being attained by a British sailor, who, with two companions, sought to climb the lesser pinnacle of the two. Long before they reached their goal two of the seamen fell—victims to the *fer-de-lance*—and as the survivor reached the very topmost rock and shouted out his victory, he too expired. Not until 1878 did anyone ascend the Petit Piton and live to tell the tale. In that year a Mr. Lompre reached the summit and returned in safety and soon after a party, headed by Chief Justice Carrington, repeated the feat. Several times since hardy adventurers have made the ascent, but as far as can be ascertained the Grand Piton still defies man to place his foot upon its summit.

All about St. Lucia's coasts are charming little villages and towns, snuggled away in secluded valleys or in sheltered bays and as the coasting steamers touch at these picturesque



THE DESOLATION WROUGHT BY THE ERUPTION AT ST. VINCENT



THE WONDERFUL PITONS LOOMING AGAINST A LURID SKY

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ports an enjoyable excursion may be easily made. Beyond Soufrière, on the leeward coast, is Choiseul—a garden spot from which most of Castries' wants in fruits and vegetables are supplied. Next comes Laborie, behind its fringe of outlying coral reefs and beyond lies Vieux Fort, the most southerly town on the island and named from an ancient fort commanding a great area of fertile, cultivated land. No one seems to know just who erected the old fortress, but in all probability it was the French and no doubt the guns upon its parapets were placed there to protect the settlers and their lands from the raids of Carib hordes who made life far from pleasant in the early days of St. Lucia's history.

A far more interesting relic of the island's stirring days may be found on the northeast coast. Here, off the great protected bay of Gros Islet, lies Pigeon Island and upon one of its hilltops stands the ruins of Fort Rodney. It was from this aerie that battle-loving old Admiral Rodney gazed forth, day after

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day, across the seas toward distant Martinique, his glasses ever fixed upon the great French fleet at anchor in Fort Royal harbor. Behind and below him in the bay, with guns shotted, men at quarters and cables ready to slip, lay his own flotilla, and when at last the gleam of white sails showed against Martinique's shores, forth rushed the British ships like hounds upon the trail. Off Dominica's coast the fleets met and in the bloody fight which followed Britannia's supremacy in the Caribbean was established for all time.

SAINT VINCENT

Saint Vincent, twenty miles south of St. Lucia, is somewhat similar in appearance, but is far more beautiful. It is a small island, only eighteen miles in length by a dozen miles wide, and yet it comprises an array of mountains, hills and valleys such as would be a credit to a continent. Its lofty hills and mountains, which culminate in Morne Agarou, 4,000 feet above the sea, are heavily wooded, as are many

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of its valleys, save in the northern portion of the island, where the terrific eruption of May, 1902, seared the island as with flame, swept away plantations, estates and villages, and destroyed some 2,000 human lives. Far less imposing and threatening than Pelee, Soufrière stands gaunt, stark and dark above the ruin it wrought, and which still remains, almost as desolate and deserted as when swept with the volcano's outburst, thirteen years ago. Unlike Morne Pelee the Soufrière of St. Vincent had already played havoc with the island within the memory of man. In 1812, at the time of the great Caracas earthquake, the Soufrière broke forth and for three days and nights poured out cinders, ash and mud upon the island, destroying vast areas of land, immense properties and many lives. But the eruption of 1902 was far more disastrous, for nearly one-third of the entire island was buried beneath mud and ashes which overwhelmed homes, towns and villages, while rivers of red-hot mud, scalding torrents, blazing gases and

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laval bombs added to the destruction. In many places the coast sank beneath the sea, and today one may sail above former villages and plantations now forty feet under the waves. So terrific was the force of the eruption that hot stones fell in Kingstown, fifteen miles to the south, while ashes fell in clouds upon Barbados, one hundred miles distant, and directly *against* the strong trade winds.

Fortunately for St. Vincent the district devastated was sparsely inhabited and the capital was beyond the area of destruction, as otherwise the entire town might have been as completely wiped out as was St. Pierre in Martinique.

With great natural beauty, wonderfully fertile soil, a delightful and healthy climate and everything which nature can do for a land, St. Vincent is of little commercial or agricultural importance and is seldom visited by ships other than the intercolonial boats of the Royal Mail Line.

Kingstown, the capital, lies at the foot of

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lovely, verdure-filled valleys stretching inland between green-clad hills and forming a vast amphitheater, with the hazy, blue mountains for a background.

Before it, curves a crescent of surf-lined, sandy beach, sweeping to the headland on the north and which shelters and guards a bay of calm, dazzling, blue water upon which an entire navy might float in safety. Aloft on the summit of the point stands an ancient, moss-grown fort, and under its quaint, rusty old guns lies the little red-tiled town, gleaming in the sun beneath its sheltering palms.

Although clean, tropical and well-kept, Kingstown is of little interest in itself, but all about are charming vistas, beautiful drives, lovely scenery and interesting places. Years have passed since the old fort was garrisoned or used, save as a signal station, but in the island's early days it saw many a fierce and bloody battle between the Europeans and the warlike Caribs, and more than once the Indians proved the victors and took possession

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of the fort and headland. But primitive, naked savages had little chance against trained troops and gunpowder, and eventually their chief was hung in chains, many of the warriors were slaughtered, and all the others who could be captured were exiled to the wild coasts of Central America and its nearby islands. Although five thousand of the Caribs were thus disposed of, a number escaped and sought refuge in the vast, unexplored fastnesses of the mountain forests. Here they lived a wild, free life and from their haunts made bloody raids upon the settlements. So formidable did they prove that the British were at last compelled to sue for peace, and a treaty was signed by which the Indians were given a reservation of their own at Morne Redonde, where they settled down to a peaceful, quiet life. Like their fellow tribesmen of Dominica, they cultivated the soil, hunted, fished, wove their beautiful baskets and prospered, until the Soufrière broke forth in 1902. Upon the Caribs fell the greatest force of the eruption and but

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a few survived; mainly "black caribs" of mixed blood, who, bereft of homes, lands and a means of livelihood, were compelled to desert their former haunts and became wards of the government of which they had so long been independent.

There are pleasant as well as sad scenes in St. Vincent, however. Near the town—within a mile, in fact—and reached by a splendid road, is the famed Botanic Garden, the first of its kind established in the New World and founded in 1763. Moreover, its history is intimately associated with the progress of agriculture in the West Indies and brings to mind one of the most marvelous and romantic stories of the sea, for to this garden in St. Vincent, Captain Bligh of the famous *Bounty* brought the first plants of bread fruit from the islands of the South Pacific. Here for the first time cloves were introduced to America; here nutmegs were first introduced to the West Indies, and many a plant, flower, tree, fruit and vegetable which grows luxuriantly

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and provides for man's wants in the American tropics was first grown, cared for and cultivated in this ancient garden at Kingstown. Well may it be called the "cradle of tropical agriculture," and while larger and more modern gardens have sprung up in Demerara, Trinidad, Dominica and the other islands, none possess a greater variety of plants, a greater beauty, or such an important place in the annals of the West Indies as do those of St. Vincent. Here are gathered together every known fruit, nut or flowering tree; every cabinet and dye wood; every useful and nearly all the ornamental plants of the tropics, and in their midst stands the Government House surrounded by its beautiful grounds.

Throughout St. Vincent roads and paths lead everywhere and one may ride or drive over nearly the entire island. Along the shores one may travel in the great four- and six-oared native boats, and while perfectly safe, it is quite exciting to be rushed ashore upon the crest of the boiling surf and to be

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picked up and borne far up the beach upon the shoulders of Herculean blacks.

If the traveler desires he may visit the ruined districts and may even ascend the Soufrière volcano, for it is now quiescent, and competent guides may be secured who will lead one to the crater in safety.

To reach the volcano it is best to travel to Chateau Belaire by water and thence past Richmond and Wallibou, whose ruins may still be seen, and from the latter place take the trail which leads up the scarred and desolate mountain side to the crater's rim.

But there is little to see aside from the dry, mud-choked former rivers, the vast, mud-filled valleys, the flame-swept hillsides, the blackened skeletons of once great sugar mills, and the pathetic, dead trees that stand stark and bare above the wastes. It is a sad and depressing scene, but nature has already commenced to heal her scars. The nakedness of the devastated land is partly clothed in a mantle of green and within a few years crops will

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be grown, villages will be built, and men will live and toil upon this forbidding waste. The past will be forgotten, the desert will yield rich harvests, mountain streams will again dash down their valleys to the sea, but within Soufrière death and destruction will still lurk—perhaps never again to break forth; perchance to overwhelm the entire island and wipe it from the surface of the sea.

CHAPTER VIII

LITTLE ENGLAND

A BIT of emerald in a vast expanse of sapphire sea, such is Barbados, affectionately called "Little England" by its people and sometimes known as "Bimshaw Land." Washed by the restless surges of the broad Atlantic and swept by the never-ceasing trade winds, Barbados, although well within the tropics, can boast of a climate and attractions possessed by no other West Indian island. Here the visitor from the north can revel in the sights and surroundings of a tropic land, can eat strange and luscious fruits, can gaze on luxuriant tropical vegetation and gorgeous flowers throughout the year, and yet never suffer undue heat, never lack for recreation or

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amusement and never know a want which cannot be supplied.

The climate of Barbados is almost ideal—a climate of perpetual June—for even in midsummer it is seldom uncomfortably hot and a cool, invigorating breeze blows constantly, while nightly showers lay the dust and fill the balmily air with the scent of damp earth and the spring-like odor of growing things.

Although never too hot, neither is it ever too cold in Bimshaw Land. While New York is shivering and slush and snow fill our streets in midwinter, the Barbadians bask in eternal sunshine 'neath flowering trees and waving palms or bathe in the tepid, turquoise water that washes beaches of creamy, coral sand.

Rare and unexcelled as is the climate of the island, yet Barbados offers many other inducements of equal importance to tourists and winter visitors from the north, and why it has not long ago become a veritable Mecca for Americans is something of a mystery. Thousands flock each winter to Bermuda, Cuba, the Ba-

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hamas and Florida, and yet Barbados possesses every attraction and inducement that such spots can offer, with many others in addition.

It is extremely healthy, it is accessible and is easily reached by a pleasant sea voyage of five or six days direct, or by a ten days' cruise, touching at the other islands; living is very cheap; every necessity and luxury may be found in its numerous well-stocked stores and shops; there are excellent hotels and boarding places with every modern convenience; trams, a railway, carriages and automobiles reach all principal points on the island, and one may motor over some 650 miles of magnificent roads or may enjoy any form of sport or recreation desired.

Within easy reach of the town are golf links, tennis courts and polo grounds; the surrounding seas swarm with fish; there is excellent shooting in season; sailing, rowing or motor boating may be enjoyed at any time, and the sea bathing is as fine as any in the world.

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Barbados is not a large island—it is barely twenty miles long by fifteen wide—but nearly every inch is under cultivation and the island enjoys the distinction of being the most densely inhabited country on the globe, with the exception of China. To the visitor the density of the population is not, however, apparent, for the 200,000 inhabitants are mainly confined to towns and villages, and while there are actually about 1,200 people to the square mile, there are vast stretches of waving cane fields, immense pastures, good-sized patches of woodland and hundreds of acres of cultivated fields without a hut or house upon them.

When first seen from the sea Barbados appears flat, low and uninteresting, especially if one has seen the other islands with their lofty mountains and rugged, forest-covered hills; but while relatively low, yet Barbados rises in places for over a thousand feet above the sea, while cliffs and precipices—worn into strange and grotesque forms by the beating surf—give the coast a wild and impressive grandeur

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quite the equal of the shores of Capri and other Mediterranean lands.

There are many villages and several towns on the island, but Bridgetown, the capital, is the only one of importance and the only port for steamers. Compared with other West Indian towns Bridgetown is large, with a population of about 30,000, and is well built, clean and very busy, for it is the greatest shipping port in the British West Indies and scores of sailing vessels and dozens of steamers enter and leave the harbor each week.

On landing at the stone docks which border the inner harbor or "careenage," the visitor is apt to form the opinion that all the Barbadians are black, for negroes swarm everywhere, and the light-colored mulattos and quadroons, which are so numerous and so much in evidence in the neighboring islands, are few in number. As a matter of fact, there are many whites in Barbados; but the 16,000 Caucasians are quite eclipsed by the 170,000 colored inhabitants. After a short time, however, one

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finds that the whites, although visibly insignificant, are the ruling and dominating factors of the island, as they always have been, and that the hordes of blacks are subservient to them and are faced with the constant problem of work or starve—a condition so different from that found in the other islands that it comes as a great and rather pleasurable surprise.

Aside from the throngs of people, the shipping, the stores and a few fine buildings, Bridgetown has little of interest to offer. The buildings are mainly of native coral limestone, tinted in pink, ochre, or cream; the streets cross and diverge at every imaginable angle and form a labyrinth which is a puzzle to the stranger, and the narrow sidewalks compel the pedestrian to thread his or her way through a motley stream of traffic. Stalwart negroes, dragging heavy, two-wheeled “spiders” loaded with hogsheads of molasses—for the negro is an important draught animal in Bimshaw land; drays drawn by half a dozen mules;

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rubber-tired victorias; runabouts and touring cars; mule-drawn tram-cars, and last, and most numerous of all, diminutive donkey carts crowd the thoroughfares. The donkey is the poor man's horse in Barbados, and everywhere upon the roads, in lanes and byways, in town and country, one meets the patient little beasts trudging along, half hidden 'neath huge bundles of cane or Guinea Grass or dragging two-wheeled carts piled high with produce.

The stores are large, up to date and stocked with every imaginable article of European and American manufacture, and goods are sold far below New York prices. The great, castle-like municipal building and post office stands prominently among a grove of trees, but one would never guess its real use, for it is surrounded by a wall and massive iron fence, cannon are scattered about the open court in its center, sentries stand here and there, and the whole aspect of the place is that of some medieval fortress. Nearby is a pretty little plaza shaded by trees, surrounded by palms,

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ornamented with flower beds and with an immense fountain in the center, while diagonally opposite is the fine building of the Royal Bank of Canada. Across the street and beside the edge of the inner harbor or "careenage" is a grove of trees, beneath which public carriages and scores of donkey carts congregate. In the center of the square thus formed stands a bronze statue of Admiral Nelson, said to be the first monument erected to the one-armed hero and of which the "Bims," as the Barbadians are called, are vastly proud. This spot is called—in honor of Nelson's great sea battle—Trafalgar Square, and from here the various tramway lines radiate in all directions. About the square and on the neighboring thoroughfares—especially Broad Street—centers Bridgetown's greatest activity and business, but every lane, alley and street in the town is busy, for that matter. Not only has the island a large and well-to-do population, but it is a center of great commercial importance and innumerable ships purchase stores, provisions



TRAFALGAR SQUARE, BRIDGETOWN



MARTIN'S BAY ON THE WINDWARD COAST

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and supplies at Bridgetown, while from all the neighboring islands come vessels to load with goods at Barbados. There are few more bustling, crowded cities than Bridgetown and during business hours it is a veritable bee-hive for activity, hurry and bustle. The carcenage is packed with small steamers and sailing craft; at their moorings in the roadstead, ships, barks, schooners and steamers swing at anchor; lighters ply steadily back and forth; sweating gangs of blacks and powerful mule teams roll and drag barrels and hogsheads of sugar and molasses along the docks; crowds swarm streets and sidewalks; roads are packed with traffic, every store is busy and the entire populace seems seized with a fever of hurry, work and business, as if lives depended upon it.

But with all its bustling modernity Bridgetown is a hot spot, the white streets are blinding with their glare of sunlight, and unless one is bent on shopping it is a wise plan to board a tramcar or to hire a motor car and leave the capital as soon as possible.

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The Barbados tram car is a unique and remarkable institution. It consists of a small, two-wheeled open car, holding perhaps two dozen passengers and hauled along a narrow-gauge track by a pair of powerful mules. Its greatest speed is perhaps six miles an hour, but the mule-motor is sure, if slow, and one always reaches one's destination eventually. When the black conductor collects his fares he hands each passenger a cardboard ticket representing a two-cent fare. As these checks are never collected or asked for there seems to be no good reason for giving them out, and as a round trip over any of the lines calls for at least a dozen of the slips, the company must annually lose a good percentage of its profits by this useless waste of perfectly good printed cardboard.

Notwithstanding their prehistoric appearance and the quaint ways of the conductors, the Barbados tram cars serve every need of the islanders, while their deliberate progress enables the visitor to obtain a far better idea of

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the sights and scenes along the route than would be possible in an electric trolley car.

Wherever one travels by tram about the environs of Bridgetown the principal features of the landscape are white coral roads and pink stone walls. The pink walls form a most pleasing contrast with the rich green of tropical foliage and one regrets that the Bims have not seen fit to paint their snowy roads with the same salmon tint, for the glare from the limestone streets is almost unbearable at mid-day. Within the pink walls are spacious gardens with beautiful residences embowered in palms and flowers, and in many places the tram lines pass close to the smooth, creamy beaches and the wonderfully colored water beyond.

Close to the center of the town is Queen's Park, a lovely public garden filled with shrubs, flowers and tropical trees. There are large esplanades, smooth velvety lawns, pretty fountains, shaded walks, and on certain days the splendid police band gives concerts under

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the trees. One tramway leads through the suburbs, between neat stone houses, beautiful mansions and lovely gardens, to the insane asylum. Another carries one through Belleville, with its beautiful avenues bordered with majestic royal palms and its attractive residences; while another and the most interesting line follows close to the shore through Hastings. This route affords splendid views of the shimmering blue sea, with the ships at anchor off shore. It runs close to the snowy surf and creamy beaches; it jogs under the shade of palms, flaming poincianas and odorous frangipani, and passes many magnificent homes, attractive hotels and luxuriant gardens. At Hastings—a residential suburb—the line swings round a curve and climbs a steep hill past the ancient barracks and garrison buildings, now used as apartment houses and clubrooms, and hence skirts the edge of the great, green-swarded polo grounds and race course. Here, in the cool of the afternoons, come the recreation-loving Barbadians

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for cricket, tennis, polo and other games, for half a dozen different sports may be carried on at one time on this wide, grassy field. Beyond the race course the tracks follow near the rocky, wave-washed coast to Hastings Rocks, a fence-enclosed park at the water's edge, where the band plays weekly and where cool sea breezes always blow. From here the road is lined by pretty bungalows, fine residences and flower-filled gardens to the end of the tramline, well out in the country.

Although much of the island immediately about Bridgetown may be viewed by means of the trams, yet to really see the country and the island one should take a trip by rail across Barbados to its windward coast.

The railway, to northern eyes, is as great a curiosity as the trams. It is known as the Barbados Light Railway, a most appropriate name, for everything connected with it is light. The locomotive is scarcely larger than a toy, the coaches—one never calls them cars in British dominions—are diminutive, and

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the traffic is lighter than anything else. In a way this is fortunate, for the little engine scorns grades and cuttings and puffs steadfastly up hill and down dale at nearly twelve miles an hour, a feat which would be quite out of the question if the coaches were well filled with travelers. One Barbadian gentleman asserted that the Barbados trains are the only railway trains mentioned in the Bible, inasmuch as the Scriptures mention "all creeping things," but the visitor desirous of really seeing the island should be grateful for the snail-like pace of the Barbadian train which enables him to obtain a fine view of the surroundings and even to take snapshots from the car windows.

All joking aside, the railway trip from Bridgetown to St. Andrews is really delightful. For some distance after leaving the suburbs of the capital the road runs through beautifully cultivated land, past great sugar mills, with their huge windmills lifting gaunt arms like crosses above the fields of cane and

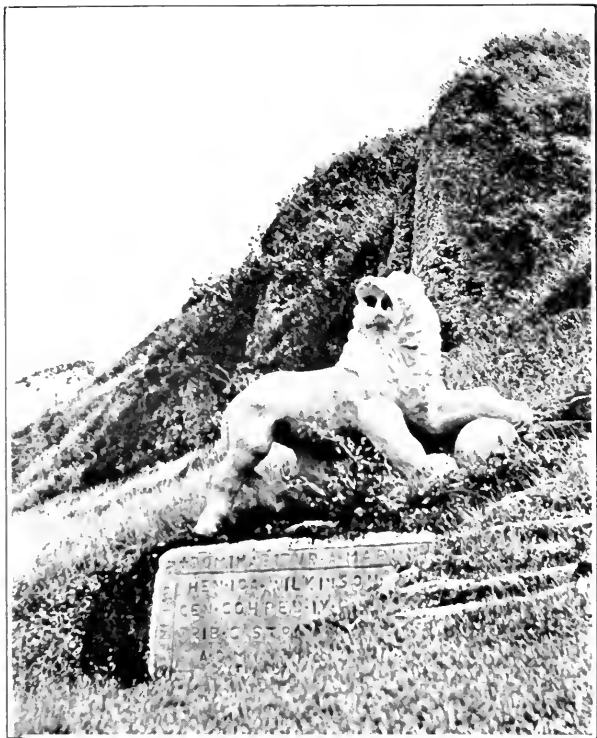
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with rows of stately royal palms bordering the smooth white highways. Far and near stretch the cane fields, for cane is king in Barbados, and only occasionally are seen fields of yellow-flowered cotton, a few acres of Indian corn or patches of sweet potatoes, yams and garden truck. Upon the rich, green, hillside pastures herds of cattle browse contentedly; here and there little huts or tiny villages break the sea of verdure, and clumps of darkest green mark numerous mahogany groves. Gradually the train climbs upward, and soon we find our first ideas of Barbados' flatness erroneous, as we gaze back across the lowlands to the distant sea or note the rocky hilltops rising in terrace after terrace toward the interior of the land. For many miles the route traverses the plateau, the hills on one hand and the low, flat, coastal plain and shore on the other. At last the road nears the eastern point of the island, and presently the train is skirting the very brink of precipitous cliffs against whose bases the Atlantic surges break in huge masses of

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foam and spray. All along this northern and eastern coast line the railway runs close to the shore and at every turn the wave-worn rocks take on more curious forms, the scenery grows wilder and the hills rise higher on the inland side. Bath, Martin's Bay, and Bathsheba are all beautiful and fascinating spots and famous as health resorts for Barbadians and natives of the other islands. Near Bathsheba is the highest point on the island—Mount Hillaby, 1,104 feet above the sea—and from this and the neighboring heights one may obtain splendid views of this wild, rugged hill district, known locally as "Scotland." Here, too, are the last areas of the original forest of the island and in the woods wild monkeys and raccoons—the only wild mammals of Barbados—may still be found in considerable numbers.

To seekers after health, to those in search of absolute rest, to those who love the sweep of salt sea air and the roar of breaking surf this windward coast will appeal, but the average visitor will find a short stay in Scotland



THE STONE LION AT GUN HILL



POTTERY SELLERS. BARBADOS

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quite sufficient and will be far more attracted by the numerous points of interest in the interior and which are within easy reach of Bridgetown by auto or carriage.

One of the most attractive features of the island are the roads which, smooth as asphalt, cross and recross the island in every direction. In most places there are no grades worthy of the name, and even among the high hills of the Scotland district there is no difficulty in climbing any of the gradients with any car. Even if the visitor has no particular objective point in view, it is pleasant to spin over the Barbadian roads, amid tropical surroundings, while the fresh, cool trade wind clashes the fronds of lofty palms and sweeps the cane fields into billowing seas of tender green.

But there are many really interesting and famous spots for the visitor to see. Gun Hill, with its massive lion carved from the solid cliffside, is near at hand and scarcely six miles from town. Cole's cave, a dozen miles distant, should fascinate those fond

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of exploration and adventure, for it extends for many miles underground and has never been explored. Ancient St. John's church, on its lofty hill, where, in the churchyard, rest the mortal remains of the last of the line of Christian Kings of Greece. Quaint, old-fashioned Holetown, where the first settlement was established in 1625; Codrington College, a veritable Oxford adapted to a tropical climate, and the charming sea grotto, with its gorgeous sea anemones, known as Animal Flower Cave, are all worthy of a visit; but none of these are really of so much interest as Barbados' water supply. Although far from a "dry" country, and while towns and houses are liberally supplied with clear, pure water, yet one may travel from end to end and from side to side of the island and never see a stream, pond or river worthy of the name. The fact is, the rivers of Bimshaw land flow underground and follow subterranean courses to the sea. From these hidden, unsuspected rivers the water of Bridgetown is obtained

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and over three hundred miles of pipe lines carry the water to the towns. Taken all in all Barbados is idyllic; it has every attraction of a tropic island and a northern shore resort combined; there are no venomous snakes or insects, mosquitoes, flies and other pests are seldom troublesome; it is one of the healthiest spots on the globe; electric lights, gas and modern sanitation are everywhere within town limits and the suburbs, and every comfort and convenience is within reach.

In many parts of Barbados one sees ragged, barefooted white men and women toiling in the fields among the black and colored laborers, and to one familiar with West Indian ways this seems a surprising thing indeed. In every other island the lowliest white man is far above the laboring class and the colored residents of the other British isles would be the first to come forward and aid a Caucasian who fell into such straits that he was compelled to toil in the fields for a livelihood. But in Barbados the "poor whites," known locally as

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“red legs,” are numerous, and sad and unfortunate as it may seem, are looked down upon by negroes and whites alike.

The fact is that the red legs are just as much descendants of slaves as the blacks themselves, for in the early days of Barbados immense numbers of whites were actually held as slaves on the plantations. They were Scotch and Irishmen, victims of the bloody and cruel times of Cromwell and the Restoration and were sent from England between 1650 and 1660 to be sold into slavery to the Royalist planters of Barbados for 1,500 pounds of sugar each. Compelled to work under the lash and treated with far greater inhumanity than the African slaves, many succumbed to the hard labor and climate, and while a few, after emancipation, managed to work their way to affluence and became planters themselves, the majority of those who survived have never risen from the degradation of their ancestors.

Although a fact known to comparatively few

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Americans, Barbados was at one time the residence of our first president. In the winter of 1751-52 Washington was a major in the British colonial army and made his first and only voyage overseas to Barbados. It was for his brother's sake that he made the trip, for Lawrence Washington was a victim of consumption and Barbados' fame as a health resort led him to seek the island in the vain hope of recovering his health. The Father of our Country remained on the island but little more than a month—from November 3 until December 22, 1751—and returned to Virginia, which he reached on February 1, 1752. During his stay on the island he contracted small-pox and was ill from November 17 until December 12, all of which is related in a journal kept by him at the time.

No one seems to know just where the Washingtons lived in Barbados, but it was close to Bridgetown and on the shore or near it and within view of the shipping in the harbor. Very probably it was at Hastings or the Gar-

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risson, for Lawrence Washington had won fame and renown in the battles of Carthage and the shores of the Spanish Main, and the two brothers were shown great hospitality and were constantly entertained by the British army and navy officers in Barbados.

With all its varied attractions, its historical interest, its charming scenes, its perfect climate, its superb roads, its modern business center and its tropical luxuriance, the people themselves are the island's most delightful feature. Here in Little England the old West Indian hospitality still flourishes, unaltered and unchanged since old plantation days and undisturbed by modern progress and ideas. To his friends and acquaintances the Barbadian planter opens wide his doors; nothing is too good for his guest—the fatted calf is killed, and as long as the visitor remains, the house and all upon the estate are literally his. Fortunate indeed is he who has partaken of Barbadian hospitality and who can count Barbadians among his friends. Long after the

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shores of Bimshaw land have faded from his view, when waving palms are but a memory of the past and the sweep of the trade wind is but a recollection, his heart will warm with kindly thoughts of the whole-souled natives of this little wave-washed isle.

CHAPTER IX

THE LAST OF THE CARIBBEES

STRETCHING from St. Vincent southward to Grenada is a chain of little islets known as the Grenadines. Perchance they were once a mountain range connecting the two larger islands to north and south and long ago submerged, so that merely the summits of the peaks remain above the sea. They are seldom visited, almost unknown to the outside world, but gem-like in their beauty, varied in their character and the home of a care-free, happy people.

Many of the islets are mere isolated rocks, others are tiny sand-spits crowned with palms, others are dangerous reefs upon which the surf forever breaks, while others are good-

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sized islands, covered with verdure and rising into wooded mountains. Northermost of the chain and the first island worthy of the name is Becquia, a beautiful spot, six miles in length and a mile wide, with hills eight hundred feet in height rising above its lovely beaches. Farther down the line are Baliceaux and Battowia, while midway between St. Vincent and Grenada lie Canouan and Union. Many of these islands have been in the possession of private families for generations and many still remain the property of single individuals. Canouan was at one time owned by an English nobleman, who, upon this little fertile spot of land, was monarch of all he surveyed and whose descendants still dwell upon the isle. Union, on the other hand, is inhabited by fishermen and whalers—expert boatmen whose native-built crafts are famous throughout the southern islands. Last and largest of the group is Cariacou, fertile, picturesque, well cultivated and thickly populated, and just beyond looms Grenada, last of the Caribbees.

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GRENADA

Rugged and mountainous, with its highest peak, St. Catherine, rising scarcely 3,000 feet above the sea, Grenada appears a miniature replica of the loftier and more imposing islands to the north. Like them also Grenada has its volcano, and its bowl-shaped craters, its mountain lakes, its vine-draped precipices, its sparkling rivers, its cascades, its forest-covered hills and its rich, luxuriant valleys, but unlike the others it possesses the most perfect harbor and the most picturesque town of all the Caribbees.

Surrounded by mountains on every side, almost landlocked by walls of richest green, circular in outline and deep enough for the largest ships, the harbor of St. Georges is well-nigh perfect. Once upon a time what is now the harbor belched forth fire, smoke and cinders, for it is nothing more nor less than an extinct volcanic crater with one side blown away to let the ocean in.

At one side rises a bold headland topped by an ancient fort, beyond are the verdured hills,

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and between, upon a narrow ridge-topped isthmus, lies the town, its tiers of white-painted brick and stone houses, red roofs, church spires and numberless palms rising one above the other against the background of tropic greenery. Attractive, quaint and picturesque as seen from the approaching ship, St. Georges loses none of its charm when one steps ashore and wanders about its streets. Toil might perhaps be a better term than "wander" when applied to St. Georges, for the thoroughfares are steep beyond words; they are often carried by flights of steps up the slopes and in one place a tunnel has been cut through the hill to provide an easier and more level way. It is a clean, neat, well-kept little town, although scarcely more than a village in size, and its people fit their surroundings to perfection.

Little can be seen of St. Georges from the town itself, for the buildings overlap and overtop one another, but from the old fort upon the headland, from the massive Government

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House, or from the hillsides behind the town a splendid view of the port and its crater harbor may be obtained. Everywhere, as one travels through the country round about, are the spicy odors of nutmeg, cinnamon and fruits, for next to cacao, Grenada's riches are its nutmeg groves and fruit orchards, and on every hand are the dense, glossy-green leaves of nutmeg trees, the purple and coppery-green of cacao and the deep-tinted verdure of oranges, limes and mangos.

To those who have never seen nutmegs save in the dried, brown form of our stores, the growing nutmegs are a source of wonder and surprise. The stranger, passing a bearing nutmeg tree, would never recognize the fruit, for, hanging pendant from the twigs, they look like smooth, salmon-tinted nectarines or peaches. When fully ripe, each fruit splits open and discloses a glossy, rich-brown, oval seed, covered with a lace-like network of gorgeous crimson. This is the nutmeg with its coating of scarlet mace, but the portion used



HOW NUTMEGS GROW. GRENADA



PICTURESQUE PALMS ALONG THE COAST. TOBAGO

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—the aromatic, solid, spicy “nut”—is within the glossy outer shell beneath the mace. When first ripe and freshly gathered the nutmegs are one of the most beautiful of nature’s products, but the mace soon fades to a dull brown or yellow and drops off; the glossy shell becomes gray and wrinkled and beauty gives place to utility. In addition to the mace and nutmeg, the pulpy, peach-like flesh of the fruit is also used. Made into jam, preserved, or candied, it is delicious, with a sweet, spicy, aromatic flavor unlike anything else.

Cacao, though common enough on the other islands, is seen to perfection in Grenada, and here one may watch the entire process of growing, picking, preparing and drying the cocoa beans for export. Unlike most trees, the cocoa flowers sprout directly from the bark of limbs and trunk—tiny star-shaped, pink and white flowers, which later develop into great, rough, scarlet, orange, yellow, or purple elliptical pods which appear strange and unnatural, growing as they do directly from the bark.

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Within these brightly colored pods is a mass of pithy, white pulp, filled with brown, rounded seeds—the cocoa beans of commerce—from which chocolate, broma and cocoa are manufactured.

But many processes must be gone through and much care used before the beans are fit for human use. The pulpy mass, with its seeds, is dumped into great bins or vats and left to ferment. Then the beans are removed and spread upon huge trays or shelves to dry, and for days are watched, guarded and tended with the greatest care until ready to pack into sacks and ship away. Rain must be guarded against, for dampness will mildew the beans and ruin them, and on every well-conducted estate the trays are arranged on rollers so they may be run under sheds at a moment's notice. To insure even drying they must be raked and stirred about constantly, and finally, to give them a polish and color, they are walked over and shuffled about by barefooted negroes. Much of the cacao produced by small planters

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or individuals in the towns is dried on open trays or on cowhides set beside the roads or on the streets. Here chickens, dogs, goats and other creatures have free access to the beans and walk about among them, but no one need be squeamish about using prepared cocoa or chocolate on this account. All the outer skin is removed and only the inner kernel used in making chocolate or cocoa; all the dirt and filth is on the cocoa shells, which are often advertised as the healthiest and most nutritious part of the bean!

Aside from the interesting industries of Grenada there is much in the way of beautiful scenery and natural wonders to be seen. Many of the roads are excellent and may be traversed by motor car, but if one goes far into the interior a saddle pony must be used. Perhaps the most noted and interesting sight of Grenada is the mountain lake called the Grand Etang. This is situated about six miles from St. Georges, at an elevation of nearly 2,000 feet above the sea. Unlike the moun-

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tain lake of Dominica it has a visible outlet, but like Dominica's lake it lies in the crater of an extinct volcano, surrounded by dense tropical forests and wooded mountains. Near at hand is a rest-house established by the government, and also a sanatorium where the visitor may tarry, while a small boat affords an opportunity for rowing about this lofty mountain pool beneath the shadows of the primeval forest bathed in eternal mists of drifting clouds.

On the northern coast of Grenada is another spot not without interest and known as Le Morne des Sauteurs or the "Leapers' Hill." Here, after waging a futile war against the European invaders of their island home, the Caribs sought refuge. Surrounded on every hand by terrific precipices dropping sheer to the beating waves, accessible only by a narrow trail with a carefully hidden entrance, the harried Indians were safe for a time. Soon, however, the French discovered the passage to the promontory, and though the cornered

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Indians fought valiantly, their cause was hopeless. Before them was the flashing steel of armed foes, behind them the sea, and rather than be captured or killed by their enemies, they chose the kinder fate and plunged to certain death from the brink of the precipice.

TOBAGO

Although the outside world scarcely ever hears of Tobago—save as the residence of the Mother Goose character who “lived on rice, gruel and sago”—yet it is an interesting and historic spot well worthy of a visit. Scarcely twenty miles from Trinidad and with its shores washed by the muddy waters of the Orinoco, Tobago is really a bit of the South American continent, although separated by a stretch of sea. It is far from a large island—its greatest length is but twenty-six miles, with a breadth of about eight miles—but its soil is fertile, its scenery beautiful and its forests fascinating in their tropical luxuriance. Of volcanic formation, yet it is not lofty, and its tallest peak,

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known as Pigeon Hill, is less than 2,000 feet in height. Scarcely can it be called mountainous, for its southern portion is nearly level, its center rolling with conical green hills rising from basin-like, fertile valleys, and its northern end is composed of ranges of high hills interspersed with deep valleys. In nearly every valley flows a stream and everywhere a luxuriant vegetation covers the land, while the hills and ridges of the north are clothed in a dense, primeval forest. Its coasts are as varied as its interior, and deep coves, jutting headlands, sandy beaches and sheltered estuaries alternate with wooded keys and islets, vine-covered, water-surrounded rocks and surf-beaten reefs. Within the cover of these hidden coves and bays and protected by the reefs and islets, pirates and freebooters laid in wait for passing galleons in the days of yore, and one hears many a tale of buried treasure on the island. Stories of pirates, buccaneers and hidden loot are common to all the islands, but Tobago alone can lay claim to having been

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the scene of the adventures of the world's most famous castaway—Robinson Crusoe. The fact that Tobago is the real Robinson Crusoe's isle may come as a surprise to many, for Juan Fernandez has long been identified with Defoe's hero. Paradoxical as it may seem, both islands may be considered as the scene of Crusoe's exile, for there was a real, as well as a fictitious hero; the one marooned on Juan Fernandez, off the southwest coast of South America, the other left to work out his salvation on Tobago.

Alexander Selkirk unquestionably lived for four years on Juan Fernandez and it was his tale that formed the basis for Defoe's immortal story. But if Defoe appropriated Selkirk's adventures for his own use, he wisely placed his hero of fiction on a more promising spot for a castaway than the Pacific island where Selkirk passed so many lonely years. Anyone who doubts that the story of Robinson Crusoe relates to Tobago can compare the descriptions in the story with

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this island in the Caribbean, and having done so all skepticism will be set at rest.

Thus, Crusoe set forth from Brazil for Africa and was driven out of his course by a storm, and, according to his own words, the captain's observations showed him to be in about "Eleven degrees North Latitude, beyond the coast of Guiana and beyond the River Amazonas towards the great River Oroonoke (Orinoco)." Then, according to the narrative, the course was changed to "Northwest by west in order to reach the English Islands." Unfortunately, or rather fortunately for the story-loving world, the ship never reached the "English Islands," but struck upon a rock and all but Crusoe perished. Thus we see that the land upon which the shipwrecked hero was cast must have been one of the Caribbean isles, for a ship setting forth for Africa from Brazil could scarcely be driven around Cape Horn to the Pacific by storm; the captain's observations prove that he was northwest of the tip of South America

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and a course was set for the British colonies. As Tobago lies in 11 degrees north latitude, and at the time the story was written was being exploited and "boomed" in London, there is little doubt that Defoe had this island in view; but there is even more conclusive evidence to be found in the pages of his book. Crusoe relates, for example, that he sighted land from his island and knew that it was "the great Island of Trinidad on the north point of the Mouth of the River Oroonoque," while in another paragraph he mentions the currents which flowed about the island and which, he states, were occasioned by the "great draught and reflux of the River Oroonoque in the mouth or gulph of which my island lay." Finally, to clinch Tobago's claim to being Crusoe's isle, the natives will guide the visitor to his cave and point out the alleged footprints of Man Friday upon the sands!

Besides this boyhood's idol, Tobago once sheltered another famous character, a hero of real flesh and blood, whose name stirs the

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pulses of every patriotic American—John Paul Jones, who resided at Tobago during the year 1802.

Even without such associations Tobago is fascinating and interesting enough to draw tourists to its shores. Its climate is nearly perfect during the winter months; it is outside the “hurricane belt”; there are no swamps; diseases are rare; there are no poisonous snakes; there is magnificent scenery; fish abound in its waters, and in its forests are many kinds of furred and feathered game. The capital, Scarborough, is not a pretentious town, but it is neat and clean, there are well-stocked stores and living is wonderfully cheap.

Moreover, Tobago is but a few hours’ sail from Port of Spain, the great modern, busy capital of Trinidad, and a steamer makes frequent trips between the two islands. When the visitor tires of Tobago’s charms, when he has explored its historic forts, has wandered through its endless groves of cocopalms, has been surfeited with island hospitality and has

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seen all there is to see, he may leave the simple life and primitive ways of Tobago and eight hours later will find himself in the midst of twentieth-century civilization, clanging trolley cars, honking automobiles and screeching locomotives.

CHAPTER X

TRINIDAD, THE LAND OF HUMMING BIRDS

THUS was their magnificent island known to the Indians, until Columbus, sighting its lofty three-peaked mountain, renamed it Trinidad. That was four hundred and seventeen years ago, and today the ancient name is as appropriate as ever, for the island is really a bit of South America and its forests teem with the gorgeous bird life of that continent.

Wild, gloomy and forbidding the land appears when approaching from the north. To the right the lofty, sea-washed headlands of Venezuela; to the left the rugged, verdured hills and towering mountains of Trinidad, the whole appearing one continuous coast, with

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deep, water-filled fissures leading into the cliffs. Approaching closer, the seeming fjords resolve into narrow straits between frowning cliffs, and heading into one of these the ship enters the famous "Bocas."

It is a strange sensation to be thus sailing on a great steamship through a channel with mountains rising within biscuit toss on either side; it's like sailing through the Rockies or the Alps, save that the overhanging pinnacles are covered from wave-washed, rocky bases to very summits with luxuriant verdure. One has scarce time to note surroundings, however, before the last enclosing cliff is passed and the ship slips into the tranquil waters of the Gulf of Paria, with Trinidad, vast, green, magnificent and colorful, stretching southward beyond the limits of one's vision. Onward across the great landlocked gulf the steamer plows her way; past the wooded islets with their brightly painted bungalows amid the verdure; past the great prison on its island near the shore and threading a way through a fleet of anchored

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ships, coal hulks and steamers, drops anchor off the city of Port of Spain. Along the mast-lined waterfront stretch the houses and buildings of the town; around a distant point they extend, and far up the green sides of the hills gleam white walls, red roofs and church spires. Far toward the north an endless succession of mountains rear their heights and back of the town, hills and mountains rise in peak after peak to the hazy distance. To the south the shore line stretches to the dim horizon, and across the bay the far-off Venezuelan mountains shimmer like clouds against the western sky. On every hand is land—save directly south—and one can scarcely believe that he is gazing on an island and not upon a continent.

Trinidad, the most southerly of the West Indies and the largest of the British islands, with the exception of Jamaica, is nearly sixty miles in length by forty in width. It is so vast in area that its peaks do not appear as high as those of the other islands and one has

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the impression of a hilly rather than a mountainous land. Many of Trinidad's heights are well worthy of being classed as mountains, however; Tucutche rises over 3,000 feet above the sea; Cerro de Aripo is nearly as high, and many a lesser peak is over 2,000 feet in altitude.

But what the island lacks in grandeur is offset by its wonderful vegetation and its natural scenic beauties. Colorful beyond compare, the forests, fields and cultivated lands gleam with a thousand shades of green from shore to mountain top in one vast sea of foliage. Through its rich, deep valleys flow sparkling, crystal streams and broad, silvery rivers. Great waterfalls and wonderful cascades plunge from verdured cliffs to embowered rocky pools. Vast, mysterious caverns pierce its cliffs and shores. Parrots scream in its forests, monkeys chatter in its woods, alligators bask in estuaries and lagoons, fish teem in its waters and birds of strange forms and scintillating with color flit amid its foliage or

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sing from its flower-laden trees. Its forests are a revelation; its fauna is that of the South American jungles; its scenery is magnificent; its riches and resources untold, and within its borders is the world-famous Pitch Lake.

One might spend months on Trinidad and yet find new sights, scenes and wonders. One might write a volume on Trinidad itself; another on its resources, and still others on its fauna, flora, products and people; but to appreciate this great island, to realize its possibilities and to know its attractions one must actually visit Trinidad.

To attempt to describe it in a single chapter is like trying to do justice to a continent, and merely an outline of its most notable attractions, its most interesting features and its most important places is possible.

When one steps ashore in Port of Spain one steps into a splendid, well-planned, modern city. Extensive stone docks line the waterfront, large railway yards are filled with coaches, freight cars and locomotives. Trol-

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ley cars clang through the splendid streets, throngs crowd the sidewalks, busy traffic fills the thoroughfares and countless stores display stocks of every imaginable class of merchandise. Years ago Port of Spain was a ramshackle town of frail wooden houses and thatched huts, but it was swept by a disastrous fire, and while the conflagration caused an immense monetary loss, yet it was the most fortunate thing that ever happened to Port of Spain. Phoenix-like from the ashes a new city arose, a city of substantial stone, iron and concrete buildings; of neat, well-built houses; of large, commodious stores, and of attractive architecture. Today no city in the West Indies presents a better, more orderly or neater appearance than the capital of Trinidad. Near the waterfront an avenue one hundred feet in width stretches entirely across the city from the landing piers at the north to Dry River on the south. In its center, and shaded by broad, spreading trees, are grass plots with paths and benches; on either side are wide,

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smooth thoroughfares, and bordering the streets are busy shops, department stores, splendid bank buildings and great warehouses. Marine Square, as this avenue is called, would be a credit to any city, and Port of Spain should be justly proud of it. Brunswick Square—the Plaza de Armas of old Spanish days—is situated in the heart of the city and is a beautiful park, enclosed with an ornamental fence, filled with lawns, flower-beds and shade trees and with a pretty fountain in the center. At one side stands the Anglican Cathedral—a magnificent stone structure in Gothic style and with a ceiling of inlaid native woods—surrounded by open grounds and rows of lofty royal palms. On the other side of the square are the immense government buildings, occupying two blocks and connected by a double arch. Massive, attractive in architecture and dull red in color, these buildings are perfectly suited to their surroundings and use. Scarcely less imposing are the police barracks and the hospital, while the Roman



ON THE WAY TO MARKET. TRINIDAD



FREDERICK STREET, PORT OF SPAIN

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Catholic Cathedral, at the southern end of Marine Square, should certainly be visited, for its paintings, marble font, Florentian pulpit and beautiful stained-glass windows are all very interesting.

Port of Spain's streets run at right angles, forming regular squares—at least within the central part of the town—and all are exceptionally smooth, straight, wide and well kept. All are of asphalt, for the Pitch Lake furnishes a cheap and convenient supply of road-making material, and throughout the island asphalt highways provide splendid means of travel by carriage or motor car.

Most of the city proper is given over to business purposes, and while Frederick Street, Marine Square and Broadway may be considered the busiest shopping streets, every thoroughfare is lined by stores and all are very busy during the business hours of the day. Few of the well-to-do merchants dwell within the town, however, for Port of Spain is undeniably hot, but if a visit is made to the outlying

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country and the suburbs, cool breezes and a delightful climate will be found. It is in such places that the wealthy Trinidadians dwell and about the savanna are many beautiful dwellings, attractive bungalows and princely mansions. The savanna is near at hand and is reached by a few minutes' ride in the trolley cars. It is a charming spot, a broad, level field of greensward, over two hundred acres in extent, surrounded by shade trees, palms and poincianas and encircled by a perfect driveway. At one side is the beautiful Queen's Park Hotel; on two other sides are residences and mansions, and on the fourth side is the palatial Government House, in the midst of magnificent grounds and abutting on the extensive and marvelously complete Botanic Gardens. Here to the savanna flock the people in the cool of the afternoon to drive, ride, play football or cricket, and to pass the time—seeing and being seen. It would be difficult to imagine a more attractive spot or one amid more ideal surroundings. The green fields

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with their grazing cattle savor of sylvan pastures; the beautiful homes, imposing Victoria Museum and Government Mansion give the touch of prosperity and wealth; passing trolley cars and whizzing automobiles speak of modernity and progress, and dominating all are the lofty mountains with their groves and forests, cool, dark and tropical against the soft blue sky.

Although the people of Trinidad are not so picturesque or interesting as in the smaller islands, yet the East Indian coolies or Hindus more than make up for what the colored population lacks. Brought from India as indentured laborers to work upon the plantations, the coolies proved the salvation of Trinidad, as well as other British colonies in the tropics. While to the Trinidadians the willingness and ability of the Hindus to labor where the negroes will not is of the most importance, to the visitor from the north their picturesque costumes, strange ways and Oriental appearance will appeal more strongly. Everywhere they

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are seen, stalking through the streets, walking along the roads, working in the fields or acting as porters, truck drivers and servants. Gaunt, brown, bare-legged and turbaned, the men are thin almost to emaciation, but the women are plump, often attractive in features and clad in wonderfully becoming costumes of embroidered jackets and flowing lace scarfs and loaded with gold and silver nose-rings, earrings, necklaces, armlets, anklets and bracelets. To see the Hindus at their best, however, one should visit their villages in the suburbs or at San Fernando. Unfortunately for the tourist the coolies of Trinidad have not adhered to their native ways as strictly as those of Demerara and they dwell and mingle with the negroes and colored folk on the best of terms. This detracts greatly from the atmosphere of the Far East of which the Demerara Hindus are redolent, and one may obtain a far better insight into coolie life, habits and customs at Demerara or Paramaribo than in Trinidad.

Many of Trinidad's most attractive and in-

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teresting sights are long distances from Port of Spain, but all are easily reached by railway, motor car or coasting steamers. The Five Islands in the gulf are a favorite picnicking ground for the Trinidadians and on Sundays and holidays gay parties go to the islands by launch or sailboat to dine beneath the palms and trees, to frolic on the sandy beaches and to bathe in the smooth, warm waters of the gulf. A longer trip may be taken by boat to the caves in the vicinity of the Bocas—great caverns, with their openings below sea level and tenanted by myriads of the strange birds known as “devil birds” or “guacharos,” a species of goat sucker esteemed as a great delicacy by Trinidadian epicures and so reeking with fat that the natives use them as butter or, by running a wick through them, convert the creatures into animal candles.

Within easy walking or driving distance of the capital is the Maraval Reservoir, in the beautiful valley of the same name. Here amid clumps of gigantic bamboos, graceful palms,

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great tree ferns, bright-leaved crotons and brilliant flowers is one of Port of Spain's sources of water supply, while beyond, and at the head of the valley, the "Silla" stands boldly outlined above the verdured hills. Another beautiful spot is the Blue Basin, about nine miles from town, in the Diego Martin valley. Here from the greenery of the mountain side a silvery stream plunges in a flashing cascade to a rocky, bowl-like basin filled with water of the most marvelous cerulean blue. Even more impressive is the Maraccas Waterfall, some fourteen miles from town and reached by passing through ancient St. Joseph, the first town settled on the island and known to the former Spanish owners of Trinidad as San José. A beautiful valley, filled with luxuriant vegetation, great cacao groves and immense trees is that of Maraccas, and at its head looms Mount Tucutche, highest peak on the island. Beautiful as are the settings of the waterfall, all the surroundings are forgotten as the cascade is disclosed to view. For a sheer 350 feet

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it dashes downward over an all but perpendicular wall of rock, half hidden and draped by delicate ferns, trailing blooming vines and graceful, white and pink begonias. From the roaring mass of water a white mist of spray drenches the surrounding foliage with a never-ceasing shower. Leaves, blossoms and branches drip with moisture and between the walls of green a rainbow gleams across the surface of the waterfall. Still another famous cascade—as beautiful and even larger than Maraccas—is that of Caura in the virgin forest near Arima; but to visit this it is necessary to travel horseback and afoot for some miles after leaving the railway.

Formerly the Mud Volcanoes near Princes Town were one of the famous sights of Trinidad, but now the gaunt oil derricks, the great tanks and the shanties of the laborers in the neighborhood have become of greater importance than the natural phenomena of the vicinity.

Of all Trinidad's wonders, however, the

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Pitch Lake stands preëminent, as it always will. It is from here that the asphalt for our city streets is obtained, for the lake is neither formed of pitch nor is it a real lake, but merely a vast deposit of solid asphalt, but none the less wonderful and interesting for that.

Those who travel by the Trinidad Line of steamships will have an opportunity to view the Pitch Lake with little trouble and no expense, for the steamers spend several days at the pier at Brighton, the shipping port of the lake's asphalt, loading thousands of tons of the valuable material for transportation to New York.

To reach the lake from Port of Spain one must travel by rail to San Fernando and hence by steamer to La Brea or Brighton. It is a pleasant trip and many interesting sights may be seen en route, and no one can consider a visit to Trinidad complete without having actually seen this famous spot. Most of the way to San Fernando the train runs close to the shores of the gulf, affording splendid views

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of immense sugar estates, extensive rice fields, with the Hindu workmen busy among the tender green shoots and laboring knee deep in the muddy water, and through vast groves of waving cocoa palms. Several large sugar mills are passed, numerous great estates are seen, some interesting little towns are along the route, and here and there the track runs for miles through wild mangrove swamps teeming with pelicans, herons and egrets, or through dense patches of tropical jungle. It is mostly a level country, this southwestern portion of the island, but in the distance the hills and mountains rise far above the plains, and, on the other hand, the broad gulf of Paria glistens in the sunlight with the shadowy Venezuelan shore beyond.

San Fernando is a quaint, old-fashioned town, hilly and with steep but smooth streets running at every conceivable angle. Coolies swarm everywhere, for all about are vast sugar lands on which the Hindus find employment, but the place is hot and with little of interest,

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and a very short time will suffice to "do" it thoroughly.

From San Fernando fast, well-appointed steamers run across the bay to Brighton and other ports, and the hour's trip is very cool and pleasant.

The first and most prominent thing one sees at Brighton is the long, wooden pier stretching for 1,800 feet from shore into the waters of the bay. Along this and up the hillside beyond run wire cables, supported on trellis-work, and back and forth along these moves an endless succession of great, square iron buckets. Each bucket traveling shoreward is filled to overflowing with the asphalt; each, as it reaches the waiting ship, is tipped forward and its contents dumped crashing into the vessel's hold, and slowly, but surely, toward the hilltop and the distant lake the empty buckets swing along to be refilled. It seems a slow process at first sight, but a thousand tons of asphalt can be loaded in a day and there is scarcely a cessation of the stream of asphalt



THE BOCAS DEL DRAGO



THE PITCH LAKE. TRINIDAD

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poured from the clanking buckets down the wooden chutes to the ships alongside the dock.

If you visit the lake, by all means try to do so in the early morning or late afternoon. Brighton is one of the hottest spots in the tropics, there is no shade and the broad asphalt roadway that leads from the dock over the rounded hill scintillates with heat waves reflected from its soft and scorching surface. At the summit of the hill stand the great sheds of the refining plant, the engine rooms, machine shops and pumping station, and just beyond is the famous Pitch Lake.

It is a disappointing sight at first, merely a flat, somewhat circular area, one hundred acres or more in extent, with pools of dirty water, ridges of black, muddy-looking material and patches of coarse grass and weeds growing here and there. About its edge is a jungle of yellowish grass and brush; at one side stands a dense grove of palms and on the farther side, topping a ridge and looming like great skele-

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tons against the brassy sky, are lofty oil-well derricks.

From a little distance the "lake" appears only a swamp or peat bog, but when one approaches closely, the black, muddy-looking material is found to be solid asphalt, the very ground underfoot is asphalt, the seeming rocks and boulders among the grass are lumps of asphalt, and everywhere sweating negroes are busy digging out the asphalt with pick and shovel. Rudely laid, crooked railway tracks meander across the surface of the lake, and upon the rails stand trains of little cars into which laborers are tossing the lumps of the asphalt dug by their fellows. As soon as one train is loaded it is hauled by cable up an incline and into the great sheds near by, and ever and anon a string of "empties" comes roaring, screeching down another incline to receive its load of pitch.

For years and years the material has been steadily dug from this strange place, and while as much as two hundred thousand tons are

IERE, LAND OF HUMMING BIRDS

annually shipped away, the lake shows little sign of a decrease, and nature constantly replaces what is removed by a fresh supply from her subterranean storehouse. Perhaps the supply is inexhaustible; perhaps, like most other things, it has an end; but at any rate there is enough available to supply all wants for many years to come and to provide Trinidad with one of her greatest sources of revenue, as it has done for years past. With the asphalt lake, her vast beds of petroleum and her marvelous agricultural resources, Trinidad is indeed a fortunate island, and while the oil wells are a comparatively new development, they bid fair to prove more important than any other of the island's industries.

To those wishing to visit South America, Trinidad provides an excellent opportunity. From Port of Spain regular lines of boats sail to all important ports along the northern South American coast. River boats make regular trips far up the great Orinoco to Ciudad Bolivar and a most interesting and

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enjoyable excursion may be made up this mighty South American river. From Port of Spain also one may make side trips to the little-known pearl island, Margarita, as it is called, where, from the surrounding waters, some of the world's greatest pearls have been taken, and which, even today, produces nearly one million dollars' worth of pearls each year. Even more interesting, and picturesque beyond all other islands, is Curacao, easily reached by palatial steamships from Port of Spain. Here, on a bit of barren land, is the quaint town of Willemstadt, a bit of Holland apparently transported bodily across the ocean and dropped down in this out-of-the-way spot in the West Indies.

Nearer at hand—at Trinidad's back door, one might say—and offering far more attractions than any of the places mentioned, is Demerara, the capital of British Guiana, and possessing features found nowhere else in the American tropics.

CHAPTER XI

THE TIP END OF THE CONTINENT

TO those seeking new lands to visit during the winter months—places out of the beaten track, and yet wherein every necessity and luxury may be obtained—Demerara will prove an ideal spot.

Here, on the northeast coast of South America, is a land intensely tropical and luxuriant with wonderful forms of vegetation. A land where splendid highways enable the visitor to drive or motor for hundreds of miles through scenes utterly new, and where hunting, fishing, sailing, golfing or any other sport or recreation may be followed to one's heart's content. A land of strange, sharp contrasts, where twentieth-century civilization

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borders on the vast wilderness of the southern continent and where every comfort and necessity is provided for.

Although less than five hundred miles north of the equator, Demerara—or more properly Georgetown—the capital of British Guiana, is not oppressively hot and, contrary to prevalent ideas, it is not unhealthy. Throughout the year the trade winds blow constantly and temper the heat of the tropic sun, and while it is often uncomfortably wet during the rainy summer season, yet the mercury seldom soars into the nineties, and the sweltering, humid heat of New York is unknown. During the winter—from October until January or February—the thermometer rarely records more than 85 degrees; occasional showers cool and freshen the air; the nights are cool; mosquitoes and other insect pests are seldom troublesome, and, taken all in all, there are few spots in the tropics where the climate is more perfect.

But if you visit Demerara, don't make the mistake of trying to live, dress and eat as in

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the north; even the healthiest of tropic lands will prove inimical to one's welfare unless one's living is adapted to the local conditions.

"Early to bed and early to rise" is an excellent maxim for the visitor to the tropics, for abundant sleep is a necessity and the early hours of the morning are the pleasantest of the twenty-four. Don't overeat, but partake of the native food as much as possible; far too many tourists adhere to northern diet in the tropics, with dire results. Wear the lightest of summer clothes, but don't sit in drafts or cool air when warm. Don't overexert or over-exercise and exhaust your vitality, for while sunstroke and heat prostration are practically unknown, yet extreme lassitude, digestive disorders and irritating rashes may result from a too strenuous life under a tropic sun. Above all, don't use spirituous liquors to excess—if you must drink, drink sparingly; liquors have killed more men in the tropics than all the fevers, insects, snakes and diseases combined.

While almost unknown to the majority of

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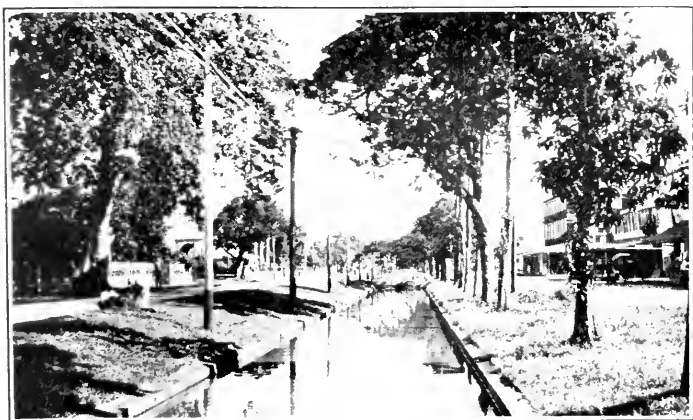
Americans, yet Demerara is a big, bustling, modern place, with a population of nearly half a million, commerce amounting to over \$20,000,000 annually and an output from its gold mines of over \$1,000,000 a year.

Although quite out of the world, as far as tourist travel is concerned, Demerara is within easy reach by excellent steamships sailing from New York, and the ten days' voyage, over the smoothest of summer seas, is pleasantly broken by stops at beautiful West Indian islands—tropic gems set in turquoise and sapphire seas, where verdure-clad mountains hide their summits in the clouds and palm groves shade the quaint and sleepy towns, and to visit which is alone worth the entire trip.

First settled by the Dutch in 1613, Demerara has been British since 1814, but the influence of its original owners is still much in evidence. Wherever the Dutch settled they seem to have selected sites as much like those of their beloved Holland as possible, and they apparently delighted in devoting a great por-



A COOLIE WOMAN



THE CANALS ARE A FEATURE OF DEMERARA

TIP END OF THE CONTINENT

tion of their time and labor to keeping the sea out of their possessions. True to this custom, Georgetown is low and flat and is several feet below sea level—or rather river level, for the town fronts on the great Demerara River, nearly twenty miles from the ocean.

Viewed from the water Demerara is disappointing, for the one-time dykes have been transformed into broad sea-walls and great docks, lined with warehouses, stores and buildings which almost hide the town beyond. But as the traveler emerges from the docks he steps into a great, busy, bustling, modern town. The broad, straight streets are smooth and well kept; trolley cars run here, there and everywhere; automobiles and motor trucks hurry hither and thither; drays, trucks and carts pass and repass in a constant stream, and people of innumerable races and of every shade and color throng the sidewalks and the stores. Although, as in most West Indian towns, colored people predominate in Demerara, yet the population is wonderfully cosmopolitan.

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Aside from the English, Scotch and other Anglo-Saxons, there are many Portuguese, especially among the merchants; Chinese are numerous, and most noticeable of all are the East Indians. Picturesque and striking in their native dress, the East Indians give a touch of the Orient to the scene and are one of the most interesting features of Demerara. Brought over originally as indentured field laborers, the "coolies" have prospered and increased and many of them are now independent planters, merchants, tradesmen and artisans. Everywhere they are in evidence. On country roads, in stores and shops, on the city streets they are seen, all redolent of the far East, ever with something of the mystery of India about them and always fascinatingly foreign and strange to northern visitors.

Thin almost to emaciation, the men stalk about, clad in the lightest of meager clothes and with huge turbans on their heads, while the women—brilliant in colored silken jackets and heavy with silver or gold armlets, brace-

TIP END OF THE CONTINENT

lets, anklets, collars and nose-rings—squat beside trays of sweets or fruits or trip along with flowing, silken scarfs fluttering to the breeze. But to see the East Indians at home one should visit their villages in the outskirts or should travel to the outlying sugar estates. Here they swarm, living their own lives, following their own customs and worshiping in their own temples as in far-off India. Above the nodding palms the shimmering dome of a mosque stands forth, and if the visitor desires—and can win the favor of the gray-bearded descendant of the Prophet—he may step within the dim interior of the mosque—after first removing shoes—and gaze upon the Koran resting in its niche.

In soggy, marshy pastures, mud-blue buffaloes graze while tended by naked coolie boys. Beside the roads motley throngs of Orientals haggle over the prices of strange spiced viands and odd fruits, and along the highway passes an ever-changing procession of men, women and children, such as one might see in India

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itself. Hindu priests in loose, white robes; Parsees and Brahmins; wizened fakirs in rags and tatters; holy men with beards dyed scarlet and foreheads painted in mystic figures; fat, well-fed merchants in spotless silk and with huge parasols to protect their turbaned heads—a score of races, a thousand types, some plodding on foot, others crowded into tiny donkey or bullock carts, and still others whirling along on motorcycles or in automobiles. Though far more interesting and picturesque than the omnipresent negro and while their soft “Salaam Sahib” is a vast improvement over the accustomed “Mornin’, Sah,” yet the East Indians are but one of the attractions of Demerara.

The broad, smooth streets are shaded with great trees and in the residential sections have well-kept grass plots in their centers, and everywhere about the town and countryside are the canals. Within the city they are lined with concrete, flushed and cleaned daily, and are spanned by attractive bridges,



A BIT OF TRANSPLANTED INDIA. DEMERARA



A HINDU HOME IN THE SUBURBS, DEMERARA

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and on their placid waters are mirrored the lofty palms and beautiful buildings that rise above their banks. In the outlying districts they are like lovely sylvan streams, bordered by gorgeous flowering shrubs, shaded by avenues of stately royal palms and often filled with blooming lotus plants or pink water lilies. By their sides the people dwell in neat cottages on stilt-like posts, while under the verandas ducks swim about, cattle and buffaloes munch the reeds and water plants, and children bathe and splash about. These canals are a feature of the place, typical of Demerara, and while adding greatly to its charm, combine utility with their attractiveness, for they are essential to Georgetown and serve to drain the low-lying grounds on which the city is built. Each time the tide runs out the great sluice gates are opened by their coolie tenders and the land is drained, and when the tide turns, the gates are once more closed to keep the river out. Stretching across the country, bordering the roadsides and flowing through

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the city streets they add a touch of Holland to the landscape, but unlike those of the Netherlands they are not used as thoroughfares, for canals have few advantages for such purposes where roads are as numerous and as perfect as in Demerara. Level as a table, smooth as asphalt, broad, straight and lined with palms, luxuriant tropical foliage and brilliant flowers, the roads of Demerara are ideal for driving or motoring. One may spend days driving about, for there are over 300 miles of highways around Georgetown, and if one cares to go farther afield there are splendid auto roads leading for seventy miles into the interior. Here one may motor in comfort and at ease, with the untamed "bush" stretching away on every hand, or past broad fields of cane and the great sugar mills; through paddy fields, where all-but-naked Hindus labor waist deep amid the rice plants; along rivers where sharp-prowed Indian canoes drift slowly down the stream between jungle-covered banks, or by villages of thatched and

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wattled huts, where bare, brown children scurry to cover like frightened partridges at one's approach.

If one cares for outdoor sports or recreation they are to be had in plenty in Demerara. There are golf links and tennis courts, cricket grounds and shooting clubs, and a race course which is one of the finest in America. Within easy reach there is excellent fishing; game is abundant in the nearby forests and the river is ideal for motor boating or sailing.

Lines of river steamers ply upon the great rivers and an excursion may be taken far into the heart of South America where naked Indians live their primitive lives, where gigantic liana-hung trees form a forest which sweeps unbroken for untold miles and where strange birds and beasts are still unafraid of man.

In these steamers one may visit the lumber camps where greenheart, purpleheart, crab wood and many another rare timber is being cut, or may travel to the "diggings," where miners are washing precious metal from

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Guiana's golden sands. And to do this requires no hardihood, little discomfort and no hardships. Stopping places are all provided with hotels, the steamers are clean and comfortable and the entire trip is hardly more than a summer picnic or a holiday excursion, for at Demerara civilization rubs elbows with the wild and it is but a step from the teeming, modern business center of the town to the vast, almost unknown interior and its jungles.

But of all things the crowning attraction of Demerara is its public garden or Botanic Station. Close to the busy city and within easy reach by trolley or carriage the gardens are a veritable wonderland—a bit of tropical forest, improved and beautified by the hand of man, and yet so well arranged and so admirably planned that there is no artificiality about it. Here are gathered together the flowers, shrubs, vines, trees and palms of every tropic land and with nurseries and experimental plots filled with all the food plants, fruits, spices and economic trees adapted to a tropical climate.



EVERYWHERE THE HINDUS ARE SEEN, DEMERARA



MAGNIFICENT ROADS LEAD INTO THE COUNTRY. DEMERARA



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Everywhere through the gardens are smooth, well-kept, shady roads stretching for miles, and one may drive or walk through the station for hours and never see the same things twice. Here and there are broad lawns, above which rise stately palms of gigantic size. Ponds and streams are spanned with picturesque Japanese bridges and shaded by clumps of enormous bamboos. Beside the roadways are canals choked with the wonderful leaves and great, white flowers of the marvelous *Victoria Regia*, and everywhere are arches of huge trees, their branches covered with strange airplants and brilliant orchids. Best of all, bird and animal life teems in this beautiful setting, and to drive through the Botanic Station is like driving through a zoölogical garden.

In the tree-tops parroquets and parrots chatter and scream or wing away in bright-hued flocks at one's approach. From hedges and shrubbery the notes of gorgeous song birds issue, and among the flowers brilliant

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tropic butterflies and swift-winged humming birds flash like living jewels in the sun. Across the lily-pads and water plants dainty jacanas and purple gallinules run nimbly. Among the lotus beds white egrets and stately herons perch and crane their necks to view the passer-by, and in canals and pools great alligators doze and clumsy manatees look curiously at the intruders.

But no description can do justice to the gardens or to Demerara and one must visit it in person to appreciate the manifold attractions, the innumerable interesting features and the many advantages which this bit of the tip of South America presents to the tourist. Then having seen Demerara, take a little trip "around the corner," so to speak, and visit Georgetown's next-door neighbors in quaint old Paramaribo.

CHAPTER XII

THE QUAINTEST SPOT IN AMERICA

A VAST expanse of brown and muddy water meeting the deep green of the sea in a sharply defined line; a distant, low-lying strip of shore, and in the foreground a little red lightship bobbing and courtesying to the waves. Such are the first indications that the ship is approaching Paramaribo, capital of Dutch Guiana or Surinam, and the quaintest, most interesting city of South America, if not in the whole New World.

For nearly twenty miles the ship steams slowly up the broad and sluggish Surinam River, between low, mangrove-covered banks and around bend after bend, before the town

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comes into view, squatting behind its dykes at the waterside, bathed in a flood of tropic sunshine and seemingly quite out of the world.

Were it not for the palm trees in the background and the absence of windmills, Paramaribo might well be a village on the Zuyder Zee. White, green-shuttered houses, with steep, gabled roofs and dormer windows line the streets and waterfront; typically Dutch church spires rise above the lower buildings; steamers and sailing vessels flying the Dutch flag line the docks, and from a tiny, ancient fort a gun booms out to welcome the strangers to this quaint, out-of-the-way port.

It seems strange enough to find a bit of Holland dropped down amid tropical surroundings, but it is still stranger to step ashore among the people. One looks in vain for staid, stout Dutchmen, plump fraus and tow-headed children; in their place are muscular negroes, buxom negresses and brown pickaninnies, but all Dutch despite the color of their skins. The gabble and chatter is in Dutch,



THE WOMEN LOOK LIKE DUTCH WOMEN TURNED BLACK.
PARAMARIBO



PARAMARIBO WOMAN IN THE
QUAINT COSTUME OF
SURINAM



BUSH NEGROES, STRANGEST
PEOPLE OF ALL

QUAINTEST SPOT IN AMERICA

prices are quoted in guilders, Dutch signs hang at street corners and over shop doors, and "Yah, mynheer," is substituted for the customary and familiar negro "Yas, sah."

Even the costumes of the colored women are patterned after those of Holland, combined with the African love of color and variations made necessary by the climate, with a result both picturesque and remarkable. With gaudy turbans tied in such a manner as to imitate pointed Dutch caps; short, stiff capes of bright calico, and with wide, flaring skirts distended by innumerable petticoats and tucked into huge rolls about the waist, the negresses appear like ample-waisted Dutchwomen turned black, and to cap the climax they clatter along with wooden shoes upon their bare, black feet.

Incongruous as wooden shoes may seem when worn by negroes in the tropics, yet in Paramaribo they are quite in keeping with the surroundings, which are thoroughly Dutch, intensely tropical and invariably quaint and

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picturesque. The broad, smooth-swarded savanna, faced by the Law Courts of red brick with their steep steps and white columns, looks more like the "green" of some quiet New England village than the plaza of a tropical town, until one glances at the opposite side and sees the rows of royal palms and flaming poinciana trees before the club and Government House. Along the broad, smooth streets are buildings with tiny-paned, glazed windows, brick stoops and projecting dormer windows, but over the walls of Dutch bricks and the tiled chimneys jasmine and bougainvillea clamber in riotous profusion and brilliant butterflies and swift-winged humming birds flash in and out among the gorgeous flowers. The shaded avenues, bordered by neat, gabled cottages, remind one of some northern village, but looking more closely one finds the noble trees are mahogany instead of elms and with strange air plants and brilliant orchids covering the branches. Here and there streams and canals cross the roadways beneath quaint,

QUAINTEST SPOT IN AMERICA

steeply-arched bridges of brick so thoroughly Dutch in appearance that one looks down at the placid water expecting to see bluff-bowed canal boats moored to the banks. Instead one looks upon narrow dugout canoes half hidden in thickets of cactus and yucca, while semi-savage Indians are busy unloading bananas, coconuts and tropical produce.

In stores and shops Dutch cheeses and strings of wooden shoes are side by side with machetes, mangoes, coconuts and parrots, and the "bowery" is shaded by a double row of royal palms, but on every hand cleanliness, neatness and Dutch thrift are predominant.

Strange and picturesque as is Paramaribo itself, yet its cosmopolitan population is far more interesting and remarkable. Here, as in no other spot in the New World, one may travel from Holland to India, to Africa, to Java, to Japan and China, and back to the wilds of South America in less than an hour and may see the native life, dress and customs of each.

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Thin, turbaned Hindus stalk about the streets or squat motionless in the shade of buildings, clad, like Gunga Din, in "Nothing much before and rather less than half of that behind." Coolie women in short, bright-hued jackets, anklets and nose-rings, and loaded with jewelry, vend native wares at street corners and in the market place. Javanese, clad in gaudy silken trousers, loose blouses and sarangs, swing proudly along, in striking contrast to the meek and cringing Hindus. Stocky Japanese laborers on wooden clogs hurry hither and thither like busy, brown ants. Mask-faced Chinese labor along with heavy loads suspended from poles across their shoulders. Red-skinned, all-but-naked Indians from the interior jungles walk about unmindful of the curious gaze of strangers, while last, and strangest of all, are the Bush Negroes, black as ebony, shy as hawks and wild as their ancestors of darkest Africa. Descended from runaway slaves who took to the forest and mixed with the Indians, the bush negroes have

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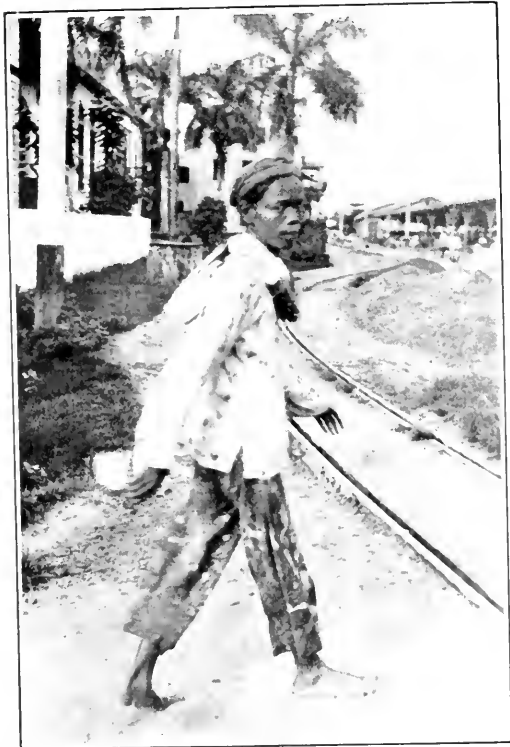
now become a distinct tribe, with habits, customs and life of their own, while their dialect, a queer jargon known as "talkee-talkee," is the lingua franca of the bush. Although called "Bush niggers," yet the term is really a misnomer, for they seldom venture into the forests, but dwell in villages along the river banks of the interior and come down to Paramaribo in their sharp, double-ended dugout canoes loaded with wood, game and forest products, and a number of the strange race may always be seen upon the streets or in the long, barrack-like huts wherein they dwell while in the town.

With kinky hair gummed and braided into innumerable pointed tufts and pigtails, teeth filed to points, foreheads tatooed by great welts filled with pigment; with arms and legs wound with brass wire and clad only in a single, bright-colored shirt-like garment, the bush negro is a wild and picturesque figure. Even more savage does he seem in his native haunts, for there the costume is reduced to a loin-cloth—for the shirt is donned only to satisfy the

ISLES OF SPICE AND PALM

conventions of civilization—and in villages of wattled huts he dwells as wild and primitive as if the shriek of the locomotive whistle never broke the silence of the great forest or the “put-put” of a motor boat never echoed from the jungle-covered river banks. But if the bush negro has reverted to African savagery in life, customs and dress, yet he has acquired many arts and handicrafts and is far from being as black as one might reasonably expect from the color of his skin. He is fairly temperate, a good worker, a marvelously skillful boatman and a master of hunting and fishing. Upon him the planters and pioneers of the interior largely depend, and in many ways he is far superior to his native red Indian neighbors.

To see either the bush negroes or the Indians in their own homes one must travel far up the river by boat or into the interior by train—a journey well worth while, for the scenery, dense tropical jungle, wild beasts and birds and wilder people to be seen.



JAVANESE IN FLOWERED SILK CLOTHES. PARAMARIBO



DUTCH HOUSES WITH DORMER WINDOWS AND BRIDGES OF DUTCH BRICKS. PARAMARIBO

QUAINTEST SPOT IN AMERICA

It is not necessary to go so far afield in Paramaribo to find people fully as interesting as the bushmen and Indians, however. A short drive to the Botanic Gardens, and Holland, Africa and America are left behind and the visitor finds himself in far-distant Japan. In the shadow of gigantic bamboos and surrounded by gardens of bananas, yams and manioc are the homes of the Japanese—the coolie class brought out as laborers and very different indeed from the sleek, yellow servants and spectacled students to which we are accustomed.

Stocky, brown-skinned and heavy-featured, the Japs swarm about their neat bamboo dwellings, clothed in the scantiest of garments, clumping stiffly about on high wooden clogs, each woman with a baby or two upon her back or tagging by her side and everyone as happy, smiling and seemingly as much at home as if in their beloved Nippon.

Out from the gardens and into the country a mile or two, and as if by magic the scene

ISLES OF SPICE AND PALM

shifts from Japan to India. Along the high-road passes a throng that might well have stepped from one of Kipling's stories. Gaunt Hindu field hands, clad in breech clouts and white turbans; ragged mendicants with skin drawn tight upon their bones and seeming still thinner by contrast with their heavy, dirty turbans; sleek, black-whiskered Brahmins in flowing robes of spotless white; gray-bearded, shaven-headed Moslem priests; Parsees and Buddhists; holy men who have journeyed to Mecca may all be seen. Women, brilliant with color, gleaming with jewelry and with heads and shoulders swathed in filmy lace or silken scarfs, trip by; some with loads of fruit poised on their heads; some with naked, brown-skinned babies perched upon their hips, and others with no burden at all save arm and ankle bands, tinkling head ornaments, scintillating breast-lets and innumerable ear- and nose-rings of solid gold or silver.

On either side of the highway cane- and palm-thatched huts nestle in the shadows of

QUAINTEST SPOT IN AMERICA

banyans and mangoes; behind them stretch fields of paddy, and everywhere the air is redolent of curry and the strange, pungent odors of the Orient. It is hard indeed to believe that this is South America, that scarce two miles away is the Dutch city and its wooden shoes, or that the straight, sun-scorched roadway stretching ahead leads through Surinam cane fields instead of to Delhi or Bombay.

Presently the road curves along the river bank and instantly the scene shifts. Close to the shore a great dugout canoe slips through the turbid water, a load of firewood piled high amidships, and at bow and stern naked black savages plying their spear-shaped paddles while chanting a weird song. They are bush negroes bound for the town, but as far as appearances go they might well be cannibals on the Congo.

Another turn of the road and once more the scene changes. Coppery-skinned Javanese are everywhere. Women, clothed only in short skirts and native modesty, drag their young-

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sters to places of safety by the roadside. Groups of squatting men, gambling in the center of the road, rise up and stand aside, and from the shadows of projecting eaves of thatched huts on stilt-like posts, dark faces peer forth curiously at the strangers. It is merely a village of the Javanese laborers on a nearby estate, but so thoroughly have the people adhered to their own life, customs, dress and habits that one might as well be in Java itself as in their village in Paramaribo.

Interesting, unique and strange as are such sights and scenes in this quaint South American town, yet its greatest charm lies in the sharp contrast and delightful topsy-turviness of everything. Incandescent lamps glow dimly through the blue smoke of burning incense before Buddhist and Brahmin idols. A nickel alarm clock ticks off the hours above the Koran in a Mohammedan mosque. Naked savages stalk unabashed through stores and shops and paddle off into the wilderness laden with Quaker Oats and tinned milk. Monkeys

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chatter and parrots scream from the tree tops as honking motor cars speed past. Sampans, dugouts and canoes crowd the docks side by side with power boats and great steamships. Lofty palms nod above tiled chimneys and gabled roofs, while, borne on the cool night wind, are the sounds of weird Malay instruments playing "Tipperary."

APPENDIX

FACTS AND FIGURES

ANEGADA. Sometimes known as the “Over-flowed Island” because much of it is scarcely above sea level and is frequently submerged by the waves. A British possession Northeast of St. Thomas and one of the Virgin Island group. Length, 12 miles; width, 2 miles. Supposed to contain much hidden pirate treasure and known to have numerous deposits of copper and silver ore.

Reached by sailing boats from St. Thomas or St. Kitts. Population, blacks.

No hotels or boarding-places on the island.

ANGUILLA, or “Eel Island,” also called “Little Snake.” A British colony; one of the Leeward Island group, about 60 miles north of St. Kitts with which it is associated in government. Length, 16 miles; width, 3 miles. Area about 36 square miles. Mainly

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barren and with a population of about 3,000, mostly negroes. A few cattle and ponies are raised and exported.

Reached by packet from St. Kitts.

No hotels or boarding-places.

ANTIGUA. A British colony, one of the Leeward Island group and the seat of government for the Leeward Island confederation. Situated about 50 miles easterly from St. Kitts. About 70 miles in circumference with an area of some 108 square miles or 69,000 acres of which about 30,000 are under cultivation. Population about 50,000. Capital, St. Johns, with 13,000 inhabitants. Discovered by Columbus on his second voyage in 1493 and first settled by Spaniards; afterwards colonized by French but no permanent settlement made until 1632 when the British under Sir Thomas Warner took possession. Chief products, sugar and pineapples. Mainly of limestone formation with hills rising to about 800 feet.

Reached by Quebec S. S. Line from New York (about nine days). By Royal Mail (Canadian Line) from Halifax via Bermuda and by Royal Mail (Intercolonial boats) from other British islands.

Central and Globe hotels and numerous boarding

FACTS AND FIGURES

houses in St. Johns. Saddle horses, automobiles and carriages may be rented by the hour, trip or day.

AVES ISLAND. A barren bit of rock about 50 acres in extent, 100 miles west of Dominica. Uninhabited and the resort of thousands of sea birds. A midshipman of the U. S. Navy is buried here, having died at sea during the war of 1812. Claimed by both French and English.

BALICEUX. A British island; one of the Grenadines; which see.

BARBADOS. Often called "Little England," and also referred to as "Bimshaw Land" from the fact that the Barbadians are known locally as "Bims." A British colony and most easterly of the Lesser Antilles. Of limestone formation, mainly low and flat but with hills rising to nearly 1,000 feet on the eastern coast. Length about 22 miles; width, 15. Area, 166 square miles or 106,470 acres, nearly all of which is highly cultivated. The most densely inhabited spot in the world with exception of China. Population, 200,000 or about 1,200 to the square mile. Capital, Bridgetown, with about 30,000 inhabitants. Climate exceptionally pleasant and healthy. Winter temperature from 68-80°. Summer from 73-86°. Several tramway lines and one railway on the island.

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Discovered by Columbus, who called it "Los Barbados," or "The bearded ones," from the pendant roots of wild fig trees. First settled by British in 1625 and continually English ever since. Principal products, sugar and molasses.

Reached by Quebec S. S. Line from New York (about 14 days). Lamport and Holt Line, Lloyd Brasileiro Line, Munson Line, Booth Line and other steamships from United States. By Royal Mail (Canadian Line) from Halifax via Bermuda. Royal Mail (Intercolonial boats) from other islands, Colon and Jamaica, as well as by Italian, French and various other steamships.

Numerous splendid hotels and boarding-places at Bridgetown, Hastings, and the various shore resorts on the windward coast. Carriages, automobiles and motor cycles may be hired by mile, hour or day.

BARBUDA. A British island about 30 miles north of Antigua and a dependency of the latter. A flat island 75 square miles in area. Population about 700 blacks and 2 whites. Formerly the property of the Codrington family and noted as a game preserve. Once cultivated, but now valuable only for wood, hides, skins and jerked meat. Chief and only town, Codrington Village.

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Reached by sailboat from Antigua.

No hotels or boarding-places.

BATTOWIA. A British colony; one of the Grenadines; which see.

BECQUIA. A British island, one of the Grenadines and under the government of Grenada. Length about 6 miles; breadth, 1 mile. A range of hills 800 feet in height runs through the island. Chief products cattle, sheep and goats. Population mostly black.

Reached by mail packet from Grenada.

No hotels or boarding-houses.

BUEN AYRE (also spelled **BONAIRE**). A Dutch Island under the jurisdiction of Curacao. Area about 100 square miles. Distant about 30 miles west of Curacao. Population about 1,000. Chief products, fish, dividivi, aloes, salt, goats and sheep.

Reached by government packet or sailboat from Curacao.

No hotels on the island.

CANNOUAN. A British island, one of the Grenadines; which see.

CARRIACOU. A British island; one of the Grenadines and largest of the group. Population about 6,000. Products, fruit, vegetables and cacao.

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Reached by packet from Grenada.

No hotels or boarding-places.

CURACAO. A Dutch colony; largest of the Dutch West Indies and seat of their government. About 40 miles north of Venezuela. Highest elevation 1,000 feet. Discovered by Amerigo Vespucci in 1499, and who found the island inhabited by a race of gigantic Indians. Length about 40 miles; width from 3 to 7 miles. Area about 210 square miles. Chief town and capital, Willemstadt. Population about 30,000, of whom about 20,000 live in or near the town. Mainly devoted to commerce, but exports phosphate rock, fish, ostrich plumes and other products.

Reached by Royal Dutch W. I. Line from New York. Red "D" Steamship Co. (American) from New York.

Several good hotels and boarding-houses in the capital.

DEMERARA. More properly Georgetown. The capital of British Guiana. Situated on the estuary at the mouth of the Demerara River. A well-built, busy city below sea level, but with a good climate and healthy. Population about 60,000, many of whom are East Indian and Chinese laborers. Georgetown

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is the port of entry for British Guiana with a population of over 300,000 and vast resources. About 200 miles of railways and nearly 800 miles of telegraph lines in the colony. Discovered by Columbus, 1498. Settled by Dutch before 1613, but ceded to Great Britain in 1814. Area of colony 91,000 square miles. Principal exports, sugar, cabinet and dye woods, timber, balata, rubber, rice, gold, hides and forest products.

Reached by Trinidad Shipping and Trading Co. (Trinidad Line) and Quebec S. S. Line from New York. Royal Dutch W. I. Mail from Dutch colonies and New York.

Many fine hotels and most excellent boarding-places in Georgetown.

DESIRADE or DESEADA. A French island and a dependency of Guadeloupe and a short distance east of the latter. First land seen by Columbus on his second voyage, 1493. Area about 10 square miles. Of calcareous formation in strangely terraced form. Population about 1,500, mostly blacks.

Reached by sailboat or packet from Guadeloupe. No hotels or boarding-places.

DOMINICA. A British colony. One of the Leeward Island confederation and the largest of the

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group. Loftiest of the Lesser Antilles. Situated about 15 miles north of Martinique and 25 miles south of Guadeloupe. Of very mountainous, volcanic formation. Several active craters on the island. Highest peak, Morne Diablotin, about 5,300 feet. Also home of last pure-blooded Caribs, the aborigines of the islands. About 300 Caribs are in existence on Dominica, but not more than 35 are of unmixed blood. Length about 30 miles; width, 16. Area, 300 square miles, or about 200,000 acres, of which less than 80,000 are cultivated. Population about 35,000, of whom not over 1 per cent are white. Capital, Roseau with about 7,000 inhabitants. Discovered by Columbus on his second voyage in 1493. Named in honor of the day—Sunday. First settled by British in 1627. Driven out by Caribs and colonized by French, who were in turn compelled to abandon it by the Indians. Declared a “neutral” island and left to Caribs by mutual agreement of French and British in 1748. Seized by English in 1763. Later changed hands several times until permanently ceded to Great Britain in 1805. Greatest sea battle between French and British took place off leeward (western) coast in 1782, when Rodney defeated De Grasse. Climate very healthful. Hot on coasts, cool

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in interior. Rainfall excessive, over 300 inches annually in some parts of the mountains. Exports, limes and lime products, cacao, cabinet woods, fruits and spices.

Reached by Quebec S. S. Line from New York (about ten days). Royal Mail (Canadian Line) from Halifax via Bermuda. Royal Mail (Intercolonial boats) from other islands.

La Paz Hotel and several good boarding-houses in Roseau.

GRAND SAVANNE. A barren, small Dutch island north of St. Thomas.

GRENADA. A British colony, one of the Windward Islands and seat of their government. About 70 miles south of St. Vincent and 96 miles north of Trinidad. Length, 18 to 20 miles; width, 10 to 12 miles. Area about 85,000 acres, of which about 35,000 are cultivated. Population about 65,000. Capital, St. Georges with 7,000 inhabitants. First settled by French in 1650. Taken by British in 1783, and has remained a possession of Great Britain since. Chief products, cacao, nutmegs, spices and fruits. Highest peak, St. Catherine, 3,000 feet.

Reached by Trinidad Shipping and Trading Co. (Trinidad Line) from New York (about 7 days),

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Royal Mail (Intercolonial boats) from other islands,
Royal Mail (Canadian Line) from Halifax via Bermuda and other islands.

No good hotels or boarding-places.

GRENADINES. A group of British islands stretching from Grenada almost to St. Vincent on the north. Very varied in form and resources. Highest land about 1,000 feet. Many barren, others very fertile and well-wooded. Under jurisdiction of Grenada. Principal islands, Becquia, Baliceaux, Batto-wia, Cannouan, Union and Caricou. Area of entire group about 10,000 acres. Principal products, fish, whale oil, cacao, spices, dyewoods, cattle and goats.

Reached by packet and sail boats from Grenada or St. Vincent.

No hotels or boarding-houses.

GUADELOUPE. A French colony, about 60 miles south of Antigua and 25 miles north of Dominica. Comprises five islands; Guadeloupe proper, Grande Terre, Marie Galante, Desirade and "The Saintes," with a total area of about 700 square miles and a population of about 200,000. Guadeloupe proper is volcanic and mountainous, with the highest peak, Soufrière—an active volcano—5,000 feet in height. Grande Terre, the eastern portion of the island, is

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low, flat and calcareous. Marie Galante and Desirade calcareous and in terraced, pyramidal form. The Saintes are volcanic and 1,000 feet in height. Capital, Basseterre on Guadeloupe proper, with a population of about 10,000. Chief port, Point-à-Pitre on Grande Terre with 18,000 inhabitants. Climate hot and unhealthy on coast, cool and salubrious in mountains. Discovered by Columbus in 1493, but has been French, British, Dutch and French by turns. Chief products, sugar, cacao, coffee, cabinet woods, dyewoods and spices.

Reached by Quebec S. S. Line from New York (about nine to ten days). Compagnie Generale Transatlantique from French islands and Porto Rico.

Basseterre, Hotel Celaline. Point-à-Pitre, Hotel de Paris and Hotel des Antilles. Also boarding-places. Motor cars and carriages may be hired in both towns. Coasting steamers and motor mail-vans touch at various towns.

LEEWARD ISLANDS. A confederation of various British islands, which includes St. Kitts, Nevis, Antigua, Barbuda, Montserrat, Dominica, Anguilla and the Virgin Islands. Five presidencies make up the confederation as follows: St. Kitts, Nevis and Anguilla; Antigua, Barbuda and Redonda; Montser-

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rat ; Dominica ; Virgin Islands. Each presidency has an administrator or commissioner, while the chief executive or governor general resides in Antigua, the seat of government of the confederation.

MARGARITA, or the "Pearl Island." A dependency of Venezuela. Situated nearly opposite the town of Cumana and about 20 miles distant. Length about 50 miles ; width, 5 to 20 miles, with an area of about 450 square miles. Two mountain ranges, about 4,000 feet high, run through the island, which is almost cut in two by a huge lagoon. Noted for its pearls, which were first found here by Columbus in 1498. Some of the largest pearls in the world have been taken from Margarita's waters, which still yield nearly one million dollars' worth of pearls and shell annually. Mountainous and little cultivated. Climate dry and healthy. Population about 20,000. Chief products, hammocks, hats, tiles, lace and pearls. Capital, Asuncion. Chief port, Pampatar.

Reached by Royal Dutch W. I. Line via Cumana. Royal Mail via Venezuelan ports. Sailboats or packets from Trinidad, Curacao and Venezuela.

No hotels or boarding-houses.

MARIE GALANTE. A French island and dependency of Guadeloupe. Situated south of the lat-

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ter island. Of calcareous formation in terraced form with a flat, table-like top 700 feet in height. Population about 17,000, mostly blacks.

Reached by small boat or packet from Guadeloupe. Discovered by Columbus in 1493 and named in honor of his flagship.

No hotels or boarding-places.

MARTINIQUE. A French colony situated fifteen miles south of Dominica and about 20 miles north of St. Lucia. Famous as the birthplace of Josephine, Empress of the French. The scene of the most disastrous volcanic eruption of modern times, when Mt. Pelee destroyed St. Pierre and some 30,000 human beings and desolated about one-fourth of the island in May, 1902. Length about 30 miles; width about 15 miles, with an area of about 500 square miles. Mountainous and volcanic. Highest peak, Morne Pelee, 4,400 feet. Population about 200,000. Capital and port, Fort de France, with 30,000 inhabitants. Climate hot on coasts, but healthy in most places. Cool in hills and highlands. Discovered by Columbus in 1502. First colonized by French in 1635. Afterwards seized by British in 1762, 1781, 1794 and 1809, and finally ceded to France in 1814, in whose possession it has remained ever since. Chief products,

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cacao, coffee, spices, sugar and dye and cabinet woods.

Reached by Quebec S. S. Line from New York (about 12 days) and by Compagnie Generale Transatlantique from other French colonies and Porto Rico.

Numerous hotels and boarding-houses in Fort de France. Among them Hotel des Familles, Hotel de Europe, Grand Hotel, Hotel des Paquebots, etc. Motor cars, carriages and other conveyances may be hired by trip, hour or day. Coasting steamers and motor mail vans reach all towns.

MONTSERRAT. A British colony. One of the Leeward Island group. Southeast of St. Kitts and southwest of Antigua. Length about 12 miles; width, 7 miles. Area about 35 square miles. Volcanic with an active crater known as the "Soufrière." Mountainous and well wooded. Highest peak 3,000 feet. Climate pleasant and very healthy. Population about 14,000. Capital, Plymouth, with about 6,000 inhabitants. Discovered by Columbus on his second voyage in 1493 and named in honor of the famous Spanish monastery. Chief products, limes, limejuice and sugar. Much fruit and garden truck is exported to the other islands.

Reached by Royal Mail (Canadian Line) from

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Halifax via Bermuda. Occasionally by Quebec Line from New York. By Royal Mail (Intercolonial boats) from other islands and by packet from St. Kitts and Antigua.

No hotel, but several boarding-places in Plymouth and vicinity.

NEVIS. A British island just south of St. Kitts and a dependency of the latter. Volcanic in formation with a lofty, extinct volcanic cone nearly 4,000 feet in height. Oval in shape with an area of about 50 square miles or 35,000 acres, of which about one-half are under cultivation. Climate very pleasant and salubrious and formerly celebrated throughout the world as a health resort. Capital and port, Charlestown. Former capital, Jamestown, which was destroyed and submerged by an earthquake on April 30, 1680. The ruins are still visible beneath the sea. Famous as the birthplace of Alexander Hamilton and the spot where Lord Nelson was married. Many hot and medicinal springs on the island. Discovered by Columbus in 1493 and named "Nieve" from the snow-like aspect of the clouds about the mountain top. Chief products, sugar, molasses, cotton and some sisal fiber.

Reached by sailboats from Basseterre, St. Kitts,

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11 miles distant, and by occasional ships of Quebec S. S. Line from New York. Also by Royal Mail (Intercolonial boats).

No hotels, but several places where visitors may be accommodated. Carriages may be hired for drives about the island.

NORMAN ISLAND. British. A small island of the Virgin Island group. South of Tortola and with an area of about 2,000 acres.

ORUBA. A Dutch island under the government of Curacao. Situated west of the latter and opposite the Paraguana Peninsula at the entrance to the Gulf of Maracaibo. Area about 75 square miles. Population about 1,000. Chief products, aloes, salt, fish, goats and sheep. Climate pleasant and healthy.

Reached by Royal Dutch W. I. Mail Line via Venezuela or Curacao. By packets from Maracaibo or Curacao.

No hotels.

PARAMARIBO. Capital of Dutch Guiana. Situated about 15 miles from the sea on the Surinam River. Population about 40,000, including many East Indians, Japanese, Chinese and Javanese. Climate hot, but not unhealthy. An exceedingly quaint and interesting town. Claimed by French in 1640.

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Settled by British in 1652, and given to Holland in exchange for New York (New Amsterdam) in 1674. In 1804 the British dispossessed the Dutch, but the colony was restored to its rightful owners in 1814. Area of Dutch Guiana about 50,000 square miles. Population about 100,000. Chief products, sugar, cacao, coffee and gold.

Reached by Trinidad Shipping and Trading Co. (Trinidad Line) from New York. Royal Dutch West Indian Mail via other islands, and by various lines from Trinidad, Demerara and Barbados.

REDONDA. An isolated, round pinnacle of rock belonging to Antigua and situated west of that island midway between St. Kitts and Montserrat. Altitude 1,000 feet. Population about 100, mostly laborers engaged in mining phosphate rock.

SABA. A Dutch island south of St. Thomas and between St. Croix and St. Kitts. Distant about 40 miles from the latter. A volcanic island rising abruptly from the sea to a height of 3,000 feet. Area about 5 square miles. Population about 2,000. Chief town, "Bottom," situated 1,000 feet above the sea in a crater and with about 1,500 inhabitants. Climate temperate and exceedingly healthy. Chief products, drawn-work, lace, vegetables and boats.

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Reached by sailing vessels from St. Kitts.

No hotels or boarding-houses, but private families take boarders.

SAINTES (THE). A group of small, rocky volcanic islets 1,000 feet in height south of Guadeloupe and belonging to that colony.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW (ST. BARTS). A French colony and a dependency of Guadeloupe. Situated north of St. Kitts and about 40 miles distant. Hilly, but with one peak rising to a height of 1,000 feet. No fresh water streams or springs. Area, 8 square miles with a population of about 3,000, nearly all of whom are black or colored. Capital and port, Gustavia. Formerly the resort of pirates, buccaneers and privateers, and supposed to contain much treasure buried by "Montbars," known as the "Exterminator," who made his headquarters here, and who is said to have hidden vast riches in the numerous caves. Belonged to Sweden until 1878, when ceded to France.

Reached by packet from St. Kitts, St. Thomas or St. Croix.

No hotels or boarding-houses.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER (ST. KITTS). An English island; one of the Leeward Island federation and

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one of the most highly cultivated of the Lesser Antilles. Volcanic, with an active crater—Mount Misery—about 4,000 feet in height. Area about 75 square miles, a large portion of which is under cultivation. Population about 35,000. Capital, Basseterre, with 12,000 inhabitants. Sometimes called the “Mother of the British West Indies,” as it was the first of the Lesser Antilles settled by the English—in 1623. At one time the headquarters of buccaneers whose settlement was destroyed and the pirates driven away by combined attack of French, English and Spanish in 1630. Captured by French in 1782, but ceded to England again in 1783. Discovered by Columbus in 1493, and named in honor of his patron saint—not of himself, as often stated. Chief products, sugar, molasses and rum. Climate pleasant and very healthy.

Reached by Quebec S. S. Line from New York (about 8 days). Royal Mail (Canadian Line) from Halifax via Bermuda, and by Royal Mail Intercolonial boats from other islands.

Several boarding-houses and one or two fair hotels in Basseterre. There are excellent roads on the island and carriages and automobiles are for hire.

SAINT CROIX (SANTA CRUZ). The island of

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the Holy Cross. A Danish colony about 60 miles south of St. Thomas and 100 miles west of St. Kitts. Discovered by Columbus in 1493. A hilly limestone island about 20 miles long and 6 miles wide. Area about 75 square miles, much of it under cultivation. Population about 30,000. Capital, Christiansted, on eastern coast. Chief port, Frederiksted, on the western side. Climate hot but very salubrious, and in former times considered an ideal health resort. Chief products, sugar and rum.

Reached by Quebec S. S. Line from New York (about 7 days).

One or two fairly good hotels and several boarding houses in each town. Carriages and motor cars may be hired cheaply for drives about the island.

SAINT EUSTATIUS (STATIA). A Dutch island under the government of Curacao and situated about 20 miles west of St. Kitts and 18 miles east of Saba. Volcanic and lofty at its eastern end with a cone rising to a height of 2,200 feet above the sea. Low and fairly level in the western part. Total area about 8 square miles. Total population about 2,000. Capital, Port Orange. Famous as the spot where the American flag was first saluted on the high seas by a

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foreign power. Products, vegetables, cotton, and live stock.

Reached by packet from St. Kitts. No hotels, but two or three boarding-places.

SAINT JOHNS. A Danish island a few miles east of St. Thomas and under the same government. A rugged, forest-covered island, well watered and formerly cultivated. Length about 9 miles; width, 5 miles. Population about 2,000, nearly all negroes. Climate healthy and pleasant. Wild coffee, pimienta and spice trees fill the forests, and the principal crop and product is bay leaves, from which bay oil is distilled and shipped to St. Thomas. Port, Coral Bay, with an excellent harbor; one of the best in the Antilles and once the rendezvous of buccaneers, whose rusty cannon and ruins are scattered over the island.

Reached by sailboat from St. Thomas.

No hotels or boarding-places.

SAINT KITTS. The West Indian appellation for St. Christopher; which see.

SAINT LUCIA. A British colony. Largest and most northerly of the Windward Island group. Situated about 20 miles north of St. Vincent, about 100 miles west of Barbados and 18 miles south of Mar-

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tinique. Volcanic, with an active crater. Highest peaks Morne Gimie and Piton Canaries, each 3,000 feet, although the isolated Grand and Petit Pitons appear higher, owing to their position in the sea. These are respectively 2,620 and 2,460 feet in height. Length about 28 miles; width, 15 miles, with an area of about 250 square miles. Population about 50,000. Capital, Castries, with about 12,000 inhabitants. An important coaling station and very strongly fortified. Sometimes called "The Gibraltar of the West Indies." Climate hot and unhealthy on the coast, but cool and salubrious in the highlands. Infested by the deadly fer-de-lance serpent. Discovered by Columbus on his fourth voyage in 1502. First settled by English in 1605, when sixty-seven colonists arrived on the *Olive Blossom*. They were attacked and massacred by the cannibal Caribs and the twenty survivors fled to South America within a month after landing. In 1635 French settlers arrived, but were driven out by the British, who were in turn killed and driven away by the Caribs. For two centuries thereafter the island was a bone of contention between French and English, until finally ceded to England in 1814. Chief products, cacao, limes, logwood, spices and fruits.

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Reached by Quebec S. S. Line from New York. Royal Mail (Canadian Line) from Halifax via Bermuda. Royal Mail and French Line intercolonial boats from various islands.

Several hotels and boarding-places in Castries.

SAINT MARTIN. A mountainous, wooded, fertile island situated southwest of Anguilla and northwest of St. Kitts. It belongs jointly to the French and Dutch. The northern half being under the government of Guadeloupe and the southern half under the jurisdiction of Curacao. Area about 40 square miles. Highest peak, Paradise Peak, 1,900 feet. Population of entire island about 8,000, of which some 3,000 reside in French territory; the remaining 5,000 being subjects of Holland. Capital of French, Marigot; of Dutch, Philipsburg. Chief products, salt, cattle and vegetables. Manganese and copper occur in veins.

Reached by occasional steamers of Quebec S. S. Line, but usually accessible only by packet from St. Thomas, St. Croix or St. Kitts.

No hotels on the island.

SAINT THOMAS. A Danish colony about 40 miles east of Porto Rico. Mountainous but dry and barren and little cultivated. Length about 13 miles;

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width, 3 miles. Population about 15,000, mostly colored. Capital and port, Charlotte Amelie (or Amalia, as it is sometimes spelled), with 13,000 inhabitants. Formerly of great commercial importance, as it is a free port and has a magnificent harbor. Possesses immense coaling docks and a drydock. Produces practically nothing, except bay rum. Discovered by Columbus in 1493. A Danish possession since 1666.

Reached by Quebec S. S. Line from New York (about six days). Spanish, French, Dutch and other ships from Porto Rico and neighboring islands, and by the various intercolonial boats.

One or two fair hotels and boarding-houses in town.

SAINT VINCENT. A British island; one of the Windward Island group and situated about 20 miles south of St. Lucia and 100 miles west of Barbados. Volcanic, mountainous, fertile and well-wooded with an active volcano which destroyed a vast area of land and many lives in 1812 and devastated over one third of the island and destroyed 2,000 lives in May, 1902, at the time of the Martinique eruption. Highest peak, Morne Agarou, 4,000 feet. Length of island, 18 miles; width, 11 miles, with an area of about 140 square miles, much of which was rendered unfit for

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cultivation by the eruption. Population about 50,000. Capital, Kingstown, with 5,000 inhabitants. Chief products, arrowroot, cacao, fruits and sugar. Climate pleasant and very healthy.

Reached by Royal Mail (Canadian Line) from Halifax via Bermuda and by Royal Mail (Intercolonial ships), as well as by mail boats from Grenada, St. Lucia, Barbados and Trinidad.

No good hotels, but several boarding-places in Kingstown.

SOMBRERO. A tiny, isolated, barren bit of land and most northerly of the eastern Caribbees. Useful only for its lighthouse, which marks the entrance to the Anegada passage, but in former years phosphate rock was mined here.

STATIA. See "St. Eustatius."

SURINAM. Otherwise Dutch Guiana and also applied to Paramaribo; which see.

TOBAGO. A British possession under the government of Trinidad and about 20 miles northeast of the latter. Of Volcanic formation and physically a part of South America. Rough, well-wooded and watered and very fertile. Highest peak, Pigeon Hill, 1,900 feet. Length, 26 miles; width about 8 miles. Total area about 114 square miles or 73,000 acres, of which

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53,000 are private lands ; 6,500 are held as a rain and forest reserve and 13,600 are Crown lands for sale. Population about 20,000. Capital, Scarborough, with 3,000 inhabitants. Chief products, coconuts, cacao, rubber, cattle, spices and fruit. Famous as the scene of the story of Robinson Crusoe. Discovered by Spaniards, but with one of the stormiest histories of any West Indian island. Settled by English in 1625, who were driven off by Indians. Colonized by Dutch in 1632, who in turn were dislodged by Spanish from Trinidad. It was next settled by the Duke of Courland (one of the Balkan states), who was compelled to abandon the spot by the Dutch in 1658. The French drove off the Dutch and were routed by the British in 1666, who were forced away by the French, and by mutual agreement the island was deserted until 1673. Once more the English landed ; the Dutch came down upon them, and French, English and Hollanders fought over it until 1679, when it was restored to the Netherlands. In 1684 declared a "neutral island" and left to the Caribs until 1744, when the French settled only to be attacked by the English in 1762. Given to Great Britain by treaty in 1763. The French seized it in 1781, but again the English wrested it from them in 1793,

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and were obliged to cede it to France again in 1802. In 1803 again captured by the British, and finally permanently ceded to England in 1814.

Tobago can be reached by intercolonial and mail boats or by coasting steamers or sailing packets from Trinidad.

No regular hotels, but several boarding-places at Scarborough.

TORTOLA. One of the Virgin Islands; belonging to Great Britain and the largest of the group. Situated northeast of St. Thomas. Mountainous with the highest peaks nearly 2,000 feet above the sea. About 18 miles long by 7 miles wide. Capital, Roadtown, with about 500 inhabitants. Of no importance and almost deserted.

Reached by packet from St. Thomas or St. Kitts.

No hotels or boarding-places.

TRINIDAD. A British island. Most southerly of the West Indies and largest of the British islands, with exception of Jamaica. Situated northeast of Venezuela, from which it is separated only by the narrow Bocas, only a few hundred feet in width. Length about 55 miles; width, 40 miles. Area about 1,750 square miles, or 1,122,880 acres, of which about 350,000 are under cultivation. Rugged, fertile, well-

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watered, heavily wooded and with vast resources. Southern portion low and fairly level. Mainly of volcanic formation, and physically and geologically a portion of South America. Highest peak, Tucutche, 3,012 feet above the sea. Population about 500,000. Capital, Port of Spain, with 70,000 inhabitants. Climate hot, but not unhealthy on coast and cool in the hills. Chief products, asphalt, petroleum, cacao, coconuts, sugar, woods, balata, etc.

Numerous railway lines, trolley lines and coastal steamers reach all parts of the island.

Discovered by Columbus July 31, 1498, and named in honor of its three peaks, now known as the "Three Sisters."

First settled by Spaniards under Don Antonio de Berrio y Oruña, who founded a town known as San Jose de Oruña on the present site of St. Joseph. Attacked and destroyed by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1595. Remained a Spanish possession until 1797, when captured by Sir Ralph Abercromby. Has been a colony of Great Britain ever since.

Reached by Trinidad Shipping and Trading Co. (Trinidad Line) from New York (about 8 days). Royal Mail (Canadian Line) from Halifax via Ber-

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muda, and by Italian, French, Dutch, Spanish and various other intercolonial steamers from South and Central American ports, Porto Rico, the other islands and Europe.

Many first-class hotels, especially at Port of Spain, among them the Queen's Park, Hotel de Paris, etc. Also numerous boarding-houses as well as furnished houses to rent, both in the towns, country and on the small islands in the Gulf. Carriages, motor cars, motorcycles, launches, and sailboats may be hired. Trips may be made up the Orinoco; to Margarita, Venezuela, Curacao and other points by boats direct from Port of Spain.

UNION. One of the Grenadines, about midway of the chain. Rich, fertile and wooded. Noted for its boats and whale fisheries.

VIRGIN GORDA. One of the British Virgin Islands and second largest of the group. About 8 miles long with an area of about 52,000 acres. Mountains reach an altitude of 1,500 feet and contain gold, silver and copper, but are not exploited.

VIRGIN ISLANDS. A group of some 30 or 40 small islands lying east of Porto Rico and about 40 miles distant. Properly speaking, St. Thomas and

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St. John are included in the archipelago, but the term is generally confined to the British islands of Tortola, Virgin Gorda, Anegada, Norman Island, etc., with an aggregate area of about 60 square miles and a total population of about 5,000, nearly all of whom are black. They are rough, often well-wooded and quite rich in mineral resources, and in the early times were the resort of pirates and buccaneers, whose occupancy is perpetuated in such names as Rum Island, Dead Man's Chest, Dutchman's Cap, etc., all small and unimportant islands of the group.

WINDWARD ISLANDS. A group of islands belonging to Great Britain and forming a federation similar to the Leeward Islands. The seat of government is at Grenada, and the colony comprises St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Grenada and the Grenadines.

MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION

ANIMALS. There are comparatively few native animals in the Lesser Antilles. The Agouti, related to the guinea pig, is common in nearly all the islands, and is eaten by the natives and is excellent. Opossums, known as "manicou," are found in most of the islands, and are hunted to some extent. Monkeys, which are descended from escaped apes brought from

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Gibraltar by soldiers many years ago, are abundant in St. Kitts, Nevis and Grenada, and are quite numerous in the wooded portions of Barbados. In St. Kitts, Nevis and Grenada they are hunted for their flesh. Native American monkeys are found only in Trinidad. Here occur the great Red Howlers, Spider Monkeys and the tiny Sapajou. Armadillos occur in Grenada, St. Lucia, Tobago and Trinidad, and various South American animals, such as sloths, ant eaters, pacas, capybaras, etc., are common in the forests of the latter island.

In many places also domestic hogs, goats, sheep and cattle have run wild and have become "game," while deer have been introduced and are abundant in St. Croix, St. Thomas, Barbuda and some of the Virgin islands.

But as a whole there is little opportunity for hunting animals except in Barbuda or Trinidad or on the South American mainland.

AUTOMOBILES. In practically every island there are now automobiles belonging to residents and for private use as well as for hire. In most of the islands excellent auto roads lead for miles through the interior, but in a few, such as St. Thomas and Dominica, the extent of automobile highways is very

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limited. Barbados, Trinidad and Demerara afford splendid opportunities for motoring, and the visitor who owns a car and contemplates spending any considerable time in these places will do well to take his car with him. The duties are small and are refunded when the car is taken away, and the license fees are very low. Gasoline is higher than in the United States, but garage charges and labor are ridiculously low.

BANKS. Practically every island has branches of the Colonial Bank of London and the Royal Bank of Canada. These banks are equipped to transact any business in the banking line, and their employees are universally courteous and obliging.

BATHING. In every island there are opportunities for excellent salt-water bathing, and in most of the islands one may bathe in the fresh water streams or lakes as well. The salt water is always the same temperature throughout the year; about 80 degrees—and at Soufrière, Dominica, there are places where hot springs come up through the beach below the sea and make the water really hot. The mountain streams and lakes are usually uncomfortably cold, but in many of the islands are hot springs, thermal streams, etc., where any desired temperature may be

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found. There is practically no danger from sharks when bathing close to shore, but when diving from a ship or boat care should be taken, as many of the ports swarm with sharks in deep water. Probably the best bathing is in Barbados, although the white sand beaches of St. Croix are very inviting; but on every island there are secluded, sandy coves with shelving beaches. Moreover every West Indian home, save the hovels of the poorer classes, is provided with an enormous stone bathtub almost large enough to swim in, and most of the better houses and hotels have shower baths as well.

It is a great mistake to bathe when warm, perspiring, or after severe exertions or violent exercise in the tropics. *Always* wait until rested and cooled off.

All West Indians are fond of bathing; even the poorest and raggedest blacks take a daily bath if water is within reach, and the residents can always direct the visitor to where the best bathing is to be found.

BIRDS. With the exception of Trinidad the bird life of the Lesser Antilles differs in each island, and in most cases a number of the species are confined solely to one island or to a portion of it only. Bright-plumaged birds are not abundant, but song birds are

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very common and of many varieties. Humming birds of a number of species occur on every island, and while some range all through the islands others are known only from one locality. Parrots are native to Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Grenada and Trinidad, but in the more northern islands, have been exterminated where found. Ducks, water and shore birds abound during the winter months and are hunted as are pigeons, doves and certain song birds, during the open season. In Trinidad, Barbados, Antigua, Barbuda, St. Thomas and St. Kitts, as well as in some parts of Martinique and Guadeloupe, there is excellent shooting in season. Strict game and bird laws are enforced on all the islands.

BOATS. With the exception of St. Lucia, Grenada, Demerara and Paramaribo the steamers anchor a mile or more from shore and passengers must travel to and from shore in small boats. Usually these are rowboats, but in some islands power boats and launches are used. The ordinary tariff is a shilling per passenger, each way; but if a bargain is made in advance the round trip may usually be secured for the same price. At Antigua the fare is higher, and the government steam launch carries the

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passengers at a fixed rate, while in Trinidad the passengers are carried to and from the shore in the steamship company's launch.

Never engage a boatman without first agreeing on the fare, and *never* pay him until you return to the vessel. If you do, you may be compelled to pay an exorbitant charge before he will put you aboard your ship. Police are always at hand when the ships are in port, and any dispute or argument may be referred to them. Charges for nearly everything are regulated by law in the West Indies, and there is no need for ever paying more than the regular tariff rates.

CABLES. In all but the smallest and least visited islands there are cable offices, and telegraph lines connect various parts of the islands. There are also wireless stations at Barbados, St. Lucia, Trinidad, etc., which in times of peace will transmit messages. During the war cable messages must be in intelligible language, or, if in code, must be accompanied by a translation. All cable messages are censored in the French and British islands, as all are under martial law.

CLIMATE. All of these islands are well within the tropics, and the more southerly are only a few

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hundred miles from the equator. This does not mean that they are uncomfortably hot, however. Many people seem to think that because the tropics are so much warmer than the northern states in winter that they must be correspondingly hot in summer. This is a great mistake, for there is but a very slight variation in temperature between winter and summer in tropical countries. In none of the Antilles is it ever so hot as in the summer in our northern states, and the sweltering, humid heat of our cities is unknown. On the coasts and in the towns at sea level it is often very hot, especially at midday, and the glare from the white streets and buildings is terrific, but the temperature seldom rises above 87 or 88 in the shade at midday in the middle of summer, and within doors it is never oppressive. As a rule there is always a breeze, and unless shut off by high mountains or buildings the fresh invigorating trade winds blow constantly. It must also be remembered that the temperature decreases very rapidly with altitude, and in most of these islands one may ascend from the coastal towns to the hills and mountains in a few minutes. At an elevation of from 500 to 1,000 feet the weather is delightful and the nights are cool, whereas at 2,000 feet or more temperate

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vegetables and fruits thrive and blankets and overcoats are required in the evenings and at night. It must be admitted, however, that the bracing air of the north is not present in the tropics, and that the climate is enervating. While sunstrokes and heat prostrations are unknown in the islands, it is not wise to overexert oneself, and walks, drives and exercise should be taken in the early morning or late afternoon if possible. Never hurry about; time is of little consequence in the tropics, and to hurry merely results in perspiring and discomfort, for nobody else will hurry to accommodate you. Summer clothing, such as you would wear in the north, will serve for tropical use, but it is an easy matter to catch cold in the tropics, and one should never sit in a draught or in a wind when hot or perspiring. In most of the islands the temperature at the coast ranges from 75 to 85 during the cooler months, which are from November until May. At Trinidad, Demerara and Paramaribo the hottest months are September and March, when the sun "crosses the line," but in the more northern islands the hottest time is in July and August, as in the north. There is no definite "rainy season," as we understand it. Some months are rainier than others, but in nearly all the islands it rains

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more or less throughout the year on the coasts and *all* the year in the mountains. Some islands are drier than others, and as a rule the lower and flatter islands are drier than those which are mountainous. The amount of rain varies with different years, however; just as it does in the north, and some years the wettest islands suffer from severe droughts, even during the so-called "rainy season," while other, ordinarily dry, islands are soaked with rain during the driest months and suffer from floods. Severe thunder storms are not common, save in the mountains, and they seldom cause any damage. The so-called "Hurricane season" is from August until October, but that does not mean that hurricanes always occur. At this time there is a *liability* of hurricanes, but they are few and far between, and many of the islands have never been visited by a hurricane within historic times. Even when hurricanes *do* occur they are seldom disastrous. We read of hurricanes in the West Indies destroying thousands of houses, but if we stop to realize that these "houses" are the flimsiest of wattle huts with thatched roofs the wonder is that any are left, even with a decent gale. Moreover many of them are built within a dozen feet of high-water mark, and even moderate surf would topple them over. The

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fact that such buildings have remained unharmed in such situations for years speaks volumes for the calm and undisturbed nature of the elements.

Earthquakes are quite common, but are not severe, and only at the time of the volcanic eruptions have earthquakes destroyed any property or lives to speak of. Many people fear the West Indies on account of the proximity of active volcanoes. This is foolish, for there has never been an eruption that did not give ample warning of its approach. Only the stupidity of the French officials and the ignorance of the people enabled Pelee to work such murderous havoc, for the eruption was presaged by rumbling detonations, mud flows, smoke and steam and severe earthquakes for days before the volcano broke forth and everyone had ample time to escape.

Moreover at the time of this disaster the active volcanoes on the other islands—with the exception of St. Vincent—showed no signs of unusual activity, and yet the craters on Dominica are scarcely 20 miles from Pelee. As a rule an active volcano is far safer than an extinct one. Pelee had been extinct for over 50 years and St. Vincent's Soufrière had been dormant since 1812. As long as a crater is active there is a vent for pent-up forces and little danger of a

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sudden and violent outburst. Many people who have visited the islands during the summer prefer them at that season rather than in winter, but as a rule the winter months are the best in which to visit the tropics, as at that season the traveler avoids the rigors of a northern winter, and can better appreciate the soft and balmy air, the luxuriant verdure and the brilliant sunshine of these lovely isles.

CLOTHING. As already noted, ordinary summer clothing should be worn in the islands. Cold weather is left behind the second or third day after leaving New York, and from that time on the traveler will be in summer weather. Palm Beach, duck, linen, crash and Pongee silk clothes are all excellent, as are light flannels and thin serges. White or light colored clothes are almost universally worn on the islands, except for social functions and ceremonious affairs. If you intend to have any laundry work done on the islands do not take valuable or fine garments, laces, etc., and avoid colored goods. The West Indian laundresses are adepts at getting garments clean and can bleach to perfection, but they have never learned to wash colored clothes so the colors do not run, and as they wash in the rivers and pound the garments on stones, fine or delicate things are soon torn and

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ruined. In the larger places much of the laundry work is done in a civilized manner, and in Barbados, Demerara, Trinidad, etc., there are regular steam laundries. Cloth and wearing apparel are cheap in the islands, and one can purchase imported English and French materials and clothing far cheaper than in New York. Dressmakers' and tailors' charges are ridiculously low, but their work does not approach that of the United States. Raincoats do not last long in the tropics, but are useful, and umbrellas should always be on hand—if it doesn't rain they are useful as sunshades. Finally, if your clothes become wet—or damp—either by rain or perspiration change them as soon as possible. Nothing is more dangerous than standing or sitting in wet garments in the tropics.

CONSULS. United States consuls, vice consuls or consular agents are to be found on every island of any importance or wherever the steamships touch. Many of them are courteous, gentlemanly and admirable men, and are very glad indeed to make Americans feel at home and to do all in their power to make their stay pleasant, as well as to furnish aid and information in regard to the islands to which they are accredited. Many others—one might almost say the majority—are quite the reverse. Many of them are

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so intimately associated with local politics or business that they cannot afford—for personal reasons—to show even ordinary courtesy to Americans. The consular agent in one island is—or was until very recently—an Englishman married to a native, a member of the Legislative Council of the island, agent for a British firm and for the Royal Mail S. S. Company, and with all his money and interests invested on the island. Such a man cannot be expected to be of any use to Americans, and when, in addition, he is noted for heavy drinking and immorality and is lacking an ordinary education and the rudiments of decency one can expect to receive but scant courtesy at his hands. As a rule it is best to avoid our consular representatives until absolutely necessary. They often possess less knowledge of the countries than the traveler himself, and they are there for what there is in it—not for love, for their health or to go out of their way to help or welcome others.

CRIMES. Many northerners are prone to associate the negro race with dishonesty, crime and filthy habits. Whatever may be the case with the colored race in the United States, conditions are different with the blacks in the West Indies. In the islands negroes and colored far outnumber the whites, and in

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many of the islands all the business, many of the estates and practically all government offices are controlled by them, and yet there is no cause to complain on the part of the white population, and matters are run as well and everything goes as smoothly as if Caucasians were administering affairs. With a few exceptions the West Indian colored people are a distinct race from and are far superior to those of our own states. In Jamaica, Barbados and a few other islands they are inclined to be quarrelsome at times, are overbearing, sometimes insolent and unspeakably lazy, but in the smaller islands they are quiet, peaceable, courteous, polite, civil and energetic. To be sure they are independent, for the majority own their own lands or boats and can live well without working, and for this very reason we must give them more credit for behaving as well as they do. Many of them are highly educated, some are graduates of Oxford, Cambridge and other universities, and many of them are great travelers. Of course many are very light—often so fair that in the north they would pass for white—but some of the most prominent, richest and best educated men are coal black. There is no color line as we know it—and it would be quite impossible to draw it in most cases—but it is not needed,

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for seldom do the colored people make themselves obnoxious by forcing their way where not wanted, and they are gentlemanly enough to know their limitations and still retain their self-respect and that of their white neighbors. Aside from a few of the places mentioned, crimes of a serious nature are very rare in the islands, and crimes against the whites, and especially against white women, are practically unknown, and yet in some of these places the blacks outnumber the whites 300 to 1. Petty larceny of fruits, produce, etc., are the commonest and most troublesome offenses, but rarely will the natives steal money or valuables, save in the larger islands. Theft from person, highway robbery, assault, murder, burglary and such things are so rare as to be practically unknown, and no one need fear visiting the islands on account of the predominance of colored people. If you possess race prejudice, by all means keep away from the islands, for you will be most unhappy. You will have to sit in the same dining-rooms, eat at the same tables and travel in the same conveyances as blacks. You will be waited upon, served and attended at hotels by blacks. You will find few but colored and negro clerks in the stores. Your baggage will be opened and examined by colored men. You will find them

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as postmasters, cable operators, lawyers, bankers and steamship agents and even as consuls, and if you have no racial prejudice or go to the islands with mind unbiased and open to conviction you will find that the colored people are as well worthy to be classed among your friends as are the white men and women.

CURRENCY. In every island the standard currency is that of the mother country. Thus in the British colonies pounds, shillings and pence are used. In the French islands francs and centimes. In the Dutch possessions guilders and cents and in the Danish islands dollars and cents. In some cases, however, the currency has been slightly altered to suit local conditions. Thus in Guadeloupe and Martinique the so-called "franc" of the islands is a colonial coin marked "Good for one franc," while in the British colonies five-dollar notes of the Colonial Bank are in use, which are really not five dollars as we understand it, but, as the people put it, are "five hundred British cents."

So, also, in the English islands practically all accounts are carried in dollars and cents, and prices are quoted in the same currency, albeit one pays for goods in shillings and pence, and must figure out the equivalent amount. In nearly every island, however,

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United States Treasury notes and gold are accepted for face value at the ruling rate of exchange, although in most places only \$4.80 are given for a pound sterling. In some places American silver is accepted in coins above a dime in value, whereas in other islands any American coin from a cent up is readily taken. This is the case in the Danish and Dutch islands, and in the former any currency ever coined will pass unquestioned, for the Danish West Indians are accustomed to dealing with ships and sailors from every corner of the earth, and the boatmen often speak a dozen languages. Although the French and English islands lie side by side and only a few miles apart, yet there is often some difficulty in passing British currency in the French islands and vice versa. The boatmen, boys, and city merchants will usually accept them at a discount, but the country people and many of the smaller stores will not take them at any price—they much prefer American coins. There is no advantage in changing United States currency to British or French money before leaving for the West Indies, nor is there anything gained by carrying your cash in the form of gold. You can buy French or British money just as cheaply in the islands as in New York, and American treasury notes

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will pass as readily as gold. As there are branches of the Colonial Bank of London and the Royal Bank of Canada on every island of any size one can secure letters of credit through their New York branches and draw when and where one wishes. This costs no more than the regular exchange, and is perhaps the most satisfactory and convenient method. It doesn't matter how you arrange it, you will get practically \$4.92 for \$5.00, whether you carry British gold, American gold, notes or a letter of credit. Don't forget that money is far scarcer in the islands than in this country, and that a dollar goes much further—unless you allow yourself to be robbed and pay "tourist" prices. The average West Indian laborer or field hand receives a shilling, or one and six, a day, or in other words 24 to 36 cents. This means that to the West Indian a shilling is as much as two dollars to our working classes, and a tip of a penny or two is as great, in proportion to his wages, as a quarter would be at home. A man, woman, or child will tramp for miles over the mountains and back on a message and feel well repaid by a shilling, but if they know you are green they will not hesitate to double and treble their charges for everything. Food of all sorts, and fruit especially, is ridiculously cheap, and it seems

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almost a crime to pay the prices asked for such things in the markets, but don't let this trouble you—the chances are nine to one that the vendor has charged you four times what she would charge a native, and is secretly laughing to think what a fool you are. Save in the most up-to-date stores the prices asked are never what the seller expects to receive. He expects to be beaten down, and will be robbed of half the pleasure of the transaction if you don't bargain with him. In some places they quote two prices to save time, as, for example, they'll say "Two shillings, last price one and six." This saves time, but probably you'll discover that the last price is really one and four, or one and three, if you spend the time to beat the seller down a bit. Don't be afraid of cheating or underpaying them: "It can't be did," as the saying is.

CUSTOMS HOUSES. Little trouble or inconvenience is caused by the customs houses or revenue officers of the islands. Very few goods are dutiable, unless in large quantities, and liquors, tobacco and fire-arms are about the only articles on which duty must be paid, and a reasonable supply of tobacco, cigars and liquors for one's personal use is admitted free in the British colonies. As a rule the customs examination in the English islands is merely a matter

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of form, and one's baggage is never mussed up and thrown about, as too often occurs in the United States. The West Indian officials are universally polite, obliging and courteous, and make everything as easy for the traveler as is possible. In the Danish islands there is no duty on imports, as they are "free" ports, but a perfunctory examination is made, or at least, baggage is "passed," through the customs house. Curacao and its dependencies are also "free" ports, but in the French colonies a very careful examination of baggage is carried out. The French are very punctilious about their customs regulations and many articles are dutiable, and even when one steps ashore for a stroll about the towns, if a small package or bundle is carried an official will usually step forward with a request to examine the article. They are very polite, however, and no trouble whatever will be experienced with the revenue officers in any of the islands.

If stopping over for a few days, any baggage not required may be left in bond without charge and without being subjected to examination.

DISEASES. Contagious diseases are not uncommon on the islands. Yellow fever is unknown, and there has not been an epidemic in any of these islands

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for many years. Malaria, of a severe form, is rare, and malaria of any sort is seldom common, save in the swampy or marshy districts, where the traveler is not likely to go. Small pox at times occurs, but it is of such a mild type that no one pays any more attention to it than to chicken pox at home, although in Venezuela it is sometimes of a virulent type. As no one is permitted to enter Venezuela without a certificate of vaccination from the Venezuelan consul there is no danger of contracting the disease there. One often hears the natives of the islands speak of "fever," and to the stranger it appears as if fevers are very common. As a matter of fact the natives call everything and anything a "fever." An ordinary cold, a touch of malaria, a severe attack of indigestion, or even a rise in temperature, caused by overexertion, is dubbed "fever" by these people.

The natives are extremely susceptible to colds, and frequently die within a few hours after catching cold, but northerners seldom contract severe colds, and when they do there is no more danger than in the north, unless one has lived for a long time in the tropics and is badly run down. Stomach and intestinal troubles are rare, and only in a few of the islands does typhoid occur. There are many troublesome

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skin irritations and diseases, however, such as “prickly heat,” “mad blood,” and similar eruptions, caused by overexercise, overeating, bathing when too warm, etc., but none of them are serious.

If one does not become too tired or overheated, eats lightly and of the proper food and leaves spirituous liquors alone, there is little, if any danger, of being ill in the islands.

Don't expect to eat, drink, work and live as in the north. Take the natives' advice in such matters—Don't indulge too freely in the fruits—they are tempting, and one is apt to try to sample them all, but go slowly at first—and until accustomed to the change of diet—or severe indigestion and intestinal disorders may follow. Above all, don't use spirituous liquors to excess. The West Indians are heavy drinkers as a rule, and one's friends are always pressing one to have a drink, but the northerner cannot stand alcohol in the tropics—even if the natives can—and liquor has killed more people in the tropics than disease, sun, insects and snakes combined.

EXERCISE. After a long sea voyage there is a great temptation to walk and tramp ashore, but it is a great mistake to exert oneself in the tropics. Take your walks in the early morning or the cool of the

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afternoon and rest in the shade during the middle of the day. This does not apply to mountain climbing or tramping among the hills and forests, for there the heat is never oppressive, and there is always a grateful shade. Ride or drive whenever possible, conserve your strength and energies to the utmost and you will enjoy yourself more and be in better condition than if you are constantly on the go and bustle here, there and everywhere. Take life easy in the tropics—it's the best place in the world for a happy-go-lucky, care-free existence, and hurry and worry have no place in the islands.

EXPENSES. It is impossible to say what one's expenses will be in the islands. The steamship rates are from \$50 to \$75 each way, depending upon the islands visited, and a discount is made on a return ticket, but even these rates vary according to the line, ship and staterooms taken. Moreover this does not include putting passengers or baggage ashore, and the cost of boat hire to and from shore and ship must be added (see Boats). Porters who will carry baggage from dock to hotel are everywhere, and their charges are so low as scarcely to be worth considering—usually a shilling or a franc each way will cover all the baggage transportation within the town limits.

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Hotels and boarding-houses vary as to prices, and run all the way from a dollar or a dollar and a half a day to four dollars, according to the accommodations, the island and how much the proprietor thinks you will pay. In the smaller islands the usual charge is two dollars a day (American plan) at the best places, and even in Barbados, Trinidad and Demerara excellent accommodations may be had at this price, although in the winter season the larger hotels at Barbados usually boost their rates. But it is not necessary to patronize these "stylish" hotels in order to live well and comfortably. As a rule the food is no better, if as good, in the large hotels as in the smaller hotels and boarding-houses, and luxurious furnishings have no place in a tropical hostelry. Select your boarding-place with reference to shady verandas, air, breezes, cleanliness and surroundings rather than to garish decorations, numerous liveried servants and uniformed "runners." The meals will consist of what the local market offers, no matter whether you pay one or four dollars a day, and the native cooks of the small places are often far more competent than those of their more pretentious competitors. Don't expect the service of a New York hotel in the West Indies. The native servants are excellent in their

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way; they are usually honest and are always obliging; but they never hurry, and nature did not intend them to burden their brains with too many things at one time. You may rail at their stupidity sometimes, but don't get excited and overheat yourself—it won't improve matters, and you should remember that if the servants had intelligence they would not be working as servants. Remember that everything has gone on in the same way for centuries, that everyone is accustomed to doing things in a certain way, and that that way is the only way they *can* do anything. You can't revolutionize the customs and habits of centuries in a day or a week, and you'll merely be met with a smile and the remark that "It's so it is done, sah."

Above all, *don't* strike or threaten a servant or anyone else—even if he or she is the raggedest, blackest and most insolent of negroes. The laws are severe and are carried out to the letter in the West Indies, and a heavy fine or a worse penalty may result—it's usually a more serious offense for a white man to strike a negro than for a colored person to strike a white man.

As a whole, living expenses are very low. Food, except the imported things, is very cheap; fruits are

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almost given away ; fish is usually abundant and excellent, but good meat is scarce. Meat is not important, however, and the less meat one eats the better, as a rule. Poultry is always good and low in price, fresh eggs, milk and even new, sweet butter are usually plenty, and one can live as well in the tropics as anywhere else. Railway fares are very high—where there *are* railways—but tramway and trolley charges are reasonable. Horses, carriages, automobiles, etc., may be hired at reasonable rates, varying from 10 cents to 20 cents per mile or from 50 cents to 3 dollars an hour to 3 dollars a day in Demerara, and with a discount as high as 50 per cent for cash in the latter place. Guides' and interpreters' services are very low, and such people are everywhere and swarm about strangers when they step ashore. In many places beggars are a nuisance, but in most of the islands begging has been forbidden by laws which are strictly enforced. Don't let your heart run away with your head when you see beggars in the islands—they may be ragged, crippled or apparently sick, but nine times out of ten they are professionals and do not need to beg. Moreover, poverty, as we know it, does not exist in the tropics, save in Barbados, for shelter is scarcely necessary, clothing, or rather rags, such as the poorer

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classes wear costs nothing or next to nothing, and food may be had almost for the asking. Moreover there are charitable institutions on every island, hospitals for those afflicted with illness and disease and "beggars' days" when every merchant and householder gives something to the beggars who come forth and "do" the town.

The greatest expense you will meet in the islands will be that of the articles you purchase, and that will depend entirely upon yourself and the size of your pocketbook.

FISHING. In all West Indian waters fish of many kinds are abundant, and in most places they afford fine sport. Tarpon, cavally, bonita, Spanish mackerel, grouper, dolphin, snappers and many other fish may be caught with hook and line, but they are most abundant at certain definite seasons. The local fishermen can always be depended upon to guide the stranger to the best fishing grounds, as well as to furnish reliable information in regard to bait, tackle, etc. The fresh water streams and lakes also abound with fish, but few of these are really "gamey," although the so-called "mullet" often furnish excellent sport.

FOOD. Throughout the islands American tinned

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goods, imported white potatoes, hams, bacon, dry groceries and cereals may be obtained, and many of the hotel and boarding-house proprietors appear to think that such viands *must* be served to visitors from the north, whereas the traveler usually prefers the much fresher and more palatable native products. When requested to do so, the proprietors of boarding-places will usually be very glad to furnish native food, as it costs them far less, and hence their profits are greater. Yams, sweet potatoes, bread fruit, baked, fried and boiled plantains and taro or "tannier" are excellent vegetables, as are the queer cucumber-like vegetables called "christophines" or "choyotes." Many vegetables, which we know in the north, are used in a very different manner in the islands. Cucumbers are cooked like squash, pumpkins are made into soup, egg plants are mashed and baked, and are called "boulangin," and green plantains are also mashed when boiled.

In the French islands and Dominica everything in the way of native food is highly peppered and spiced, and while at first rather too hot for northern palates one soon becomes accustomed to these Creole dishes, and misses the peppers and spices when visiting the other islands. Meats, as a rule, are not

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overgood, and are often tough and stringy, but poultry is always to be had, while the fish is invariably delicious and splendidly cooked. In many of the islands there are strange local delicacies which are peculiar to the islands and should be sampled by every visitor—even if they seem weird and repulsive at first. Turtle is common to all the islands, as are flying-fish cutlets, but the latter are at their best in Barbados. Another Barbadian delicacy is “sea-eggs.” These are the roe of large sea-urchins, and the sea-egg fishery is one of Barbados’ important industries. In St. Kitts monkeys are considered good eating, and in nearly all the islands the giant lizards, known as “iguanas,” are prized as table delicacies. River crawfish and land crabs are both delicious, and in Dominica the giant land-frogs, known as “cra-paud,” and served at hotels as “mountain chicken,” are the national dish. The entire frog is eaten, either boiled, broiled, fried, roasted or stewed and there are few viands in the world which are more delicate or toothsome. Besides all these there are the “groo-groo worms,” big white grubs of a giant beetle, which live in the palm trees and which are roasted like chestnuts over hot coals. The flavor is very similar to that of the chestnut but few travel-

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ers can overcome their natural repugnance sufficiently to sample them.

Summing the whole matter up, one may eat to suit oneself in the islands and whether you prefer American food or the native dishes your every want can be supplied.

FRUITS. Fruits of one kind or another are to be had every day throughout the year, but while some are always in season others ripen only during certain months. Fruits, as well as flowers and many other things, have their definite seasons in the tropics as well as in the north, and while these seasons vary in the different islands the following list will be found to cover the commoner fruits and their average seasons in most of the islands. Throughout the year: Breadfruit, bananas, coconuts, limes, plantains, pomegranate, soursop, figs, grenadilla, pommerose, tamarinds, pawpaw, melons, guavas, pineapple. January until March: Custard apple, oranges, tangerines, sapodillas, mamee apple, sapote, anona. March to July: Mamee apple, star apple, sugar apple, cashew, cherry, jamaica plums. July to September: Mamee apple, sugar apple, water lemons, grapes, watermelons, kenip, mangos, almonds, ackee, malacca apple, oranges, governor plums, hog plums,

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sapodillas, java plums, carambolas, avocado pears, etc. September to December: Custard apples, golden, belle, sugar and rose apples, citron, grape fruit, melongene, orange, mandarin, pois-doux, avocado pears.

There is no danger in partaking freely of any fruit after becoming accustomed to it, but when first arriving at the islands fruit should be eaten sparingly. Many of the tropical fruits possess decided medicinal qualities and severe stomach and intestinal troubles may follow excessive indulgence in mangoes, pineapples and many other fruits. If in doubt, ask the advice of some educated, intelligent native and go slowly at first. As a rule it is *not* a good plan to eat fruit the first thing in the morning or just before retiring, and it is a good plan *never* to eat fruit when very tired, very hungry or overheated. Never try a new fruit without inquiring about it; many tropical fruits *must* be eaten in a certain way, while others are only edible in part and may be poisonous or unpalatable if eaten otherwise.

HEALTH. See "Disease," "Climate," etc.

HORSES. Saddle horses may be hired in nearly all the islands and in such mountainous places as Guadeloupe, Dominica, Grenada, etc., they are a

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necessity if one wishes to visit the higher parts of the islands. As a rule the West Indian saddle ponies are a sad-looking lot of beasts; but don't judge them by appearances. They may be thin, ragged, unkempt and apparently falling to sleep and yet they may be able to carry you safely for hour after hour over mountain trails so steep, narrow and slippery that a goat could scarce traverse them. Don't hire horses from any one that comes along, however. Ask some reliable merchant, the hotel proprietor or the steamship agent about horses and the amount you should pay for them. There are plenty of worthless, broken-winded, stumbling animals and some unprincipled rascal may jeopardize your life by renting you such a beast if you are a stranger. Any horses recommended by reliable natives of good standing will prove sure-footed, hardy, well-gaited and docile and you can put absolute faith and confidence in their ability to pick their way along precipices, to scramble over boulders and ford mountain torrents without any danger to you or themselves.

HOTELS. The West Indian hotels must not be judged by American standards. Even the very best seem bare, poorly furnished and lacking in privacy compared to our palatial summer hostelries. But

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in the tropics the bare, plain, open building is far preferable to the luxuriously furnished, carpeted, draperied, upholstered hotels of the north. Plenty of air, shade and room are essential and a free circulation of the air is obtained by open grill work and blind-like partitions between rooms and halls. As long as a hotel room has a few chairs and tables, a dressing case, a comfortable bed and a mosquito netting it is completely furnished according to West Indian ideas, and as a matter of fact anything else would be superfluous and a nuisance. Closets in which to hang one's clothing are the things that one misses most, but in a way it is fortunate that there are few of them, for garments are very liable to mildew or to become injured by insect pests when hung out of sight. The proprietors of the West Indian hotels use every endeavor to make their guests comfortable and anything lacking is due to ignorance of the travelers' requirements. "If you don't see what you want, ask for it," is a good motto to follow out in the islands and as a rule all one has to do is to ask. For further information, see "Expenses," "Food," "Living," etc.

INSECTS. Although insects are very numerous in the tropics, yet those which are troublesome are

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comparatively few. The idea that the tropics are overrun with vermin and poisonous and dangerous insects and that one's life is made miserable by them is entirely erroneous.

In most places flies are scarcely troublesome at all and are never so numerous as in the north, and window screens are practically never used. Mosquitoes occur abundantly in swampy districts and in some coastal towns, but I have yet to find a West Indian town or village where mosquitoes are as abundant or are such pests as in New York City, to say nothing of our summer coast and mountain resorts. Moreover the majority of West Indian mosquitoes bite only for a short time during the late afternoon and early evening, and as every decent house provides nets for the beds, mosquitoes seldom disturb one's slumber. Fleas and other vermin are no more common than in the north. Cockroaches are abundant at times but they are not the common house pests but huge wild insects which fly readily and do not remain long in one spot. Mosquito nets prevent these creatures from reaching the beds and their occupants, but care should be taken that they do not find lodgement in trunks, bundles or among clothing. They are far commoner in the country

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than in the towns and are usually most abundant during the rainy season or summer months. Scorpions and centipedes are common in the woods, but are seldom seen, as they hide among dead leaves, under stones, etc., and no one need fear them. Their bites or stings are no more dangerous or painful than those of a healthy bumble bee or hornet, and the stories of people being killed by them are mostly pure imagination. Of course people *have* died after being stung by centipedes, scorpions and tarantulas, but so people have died from mosquito bites, hornet's stings and rusty nails. Usually, if not invariably, fatal results from such causes are due to the victim's condition and any other wound or irritation would prove just as fatal. My wife, my children and myself have been stung repeatedly by centipedes and we never paid any more attention to them than to bee-stings or severe mosquito bites. Don't let the fear of such pests trouble you; you might live in the West Indies for years and never see a scorpion or a centipede. The huge house spiders are quite abundant and the stranger usually fears them, but they are perfectly harmless and serve a very useful purpose in devouring mosquitoes, flies, cockroaches and other insects. In the fields and

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woods one may come into contact with ticks, jiggers and bete-rouge. The former are like our northern wood ticks and are rather rare. The jigger, as known in the West Indies, is a sort of flea which lays its eggs in peoples' feet—usually in the toes—and if neglected, serious results may follow. The eggs hatch out into tiny grubs within the victim's skin and cause an intense itching and a white, opaque, swollen spot on the afflicted part. The natives can extricate them painlessly and quickly and unless you are an expert you should call on a native when you are the victim of a jigger, for if the sac which contains the young fleas is broken in removing it more serious effects may follow. If your shoes are whole and tight and you avoid mud when walking about, there is little danger from these pests, for they dwell in the mud and usually afflict the natives who go about barefooted. The bete-rouge is a far more common and troublesome pest. These are tiny, red mites which live in grass and brush and delight in climbing onto human beings and burying themselves under the skin. The result is a tiny, red, inflamed spot which itches unbearably. Sometimes one's body will be completely covered with the red spots after a tramp through weeds and grass and

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there is no way of avoiding them. They are easily remedied, however, by rubbing the afflicted portions of the skin with tallow, vaseline, zinc ointment or almost any greasy matter, and after a short time one becomes immune to them and pays no attention to their attacks. In some islands they are common in certain places, while in other islands they are unknown, but it is a wise plan to look for their marks after a walk through grass or weeds and if any suspicious red spots are seen rub them with some ointment or grease at once.

LANGUAGE. There is scarcely a West Indian island where one cannot get along very well with English, save in the remote interior districts. Although many languages are spoken and used by the people the majority of the townspeople, or at least the merchants, speak and understand English and small boys, who can act as interpreters, are always to be found. In the Danish islands the Danish tongue is the official language, but everybody speaks English and one seldom hears Danish, save when two Danes are conversing. In the Dutch colonies, Dutch is the official language but English is generally spoken and understood. In Saba the speech is English, but in Curacao the language of the common

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people is a remarkable tongue known as "Papiamentó," which is a combination of Dutch, English, Spanish and other languages and yet has a grammar and dictionary of its own, while in Paramaribo the Indians and Bush negroes use a queer jargon called "talkee talkee," which is a crude pigeon English with Dutch mixed with it.

In the French islands the upper classes speak pure French and the lower classes use a mongrel patois, or "Creole," French. In the British islands the official language is, of course, English, but the favorite tongue of the common people in Dominica, Grenada and to less extent in St. Lucia, St. Vincent and Trinidad is known as patois. This is a mixture of French, English, Carib and African—an uncouth, but simple language which bears little resemblance to anything else and which varies considerably in the various islands. In Trinidad everyone speaks English and nearly all the merchants and most of the laborers about the towns speak Spanish as well, for there is a very large Venezuelan population in Trinidad and the island for many years belonged to Spain.

LAWS. There is really no excuse for the traveler ever coming into conflict with the laws in the West

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Indies, but a few words in regard to them may not be amiss. In a broad way the laws of the islands are patterned after those of the mother countries, with variations. In the British colonies the laws are very strictly enforced and the natives are very fond of "running to court" over anything and everything, but most of their "cases" are petty quarrels, questions of indebtedness, etc. The police of the British and Dutch islands and the Gendarmes of the Danish and French islands are universally courteous and competent and the stranger should never hesitate to call upon them for help or information. In the French islands they are both white and colored; in the Danish islands, mainly white; in the Dutch islands, white and black, and in the British islands, colored. All local ordinances will be found posted in the police buildings, customs houses and court buildings and if any dispute arises as to charges, tariffs, etc., all doubts may be set at rest by consulting these notices. During the war the French and British colonies are under martial law, but this consists mainly of fixing the prices of various necessities by law and closing dance halls, saloons, etc., at reasonable hours, as well as enforcing a censorship on cable messages, letters, etc. See "Cables."

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MONEY. See "Currency" and "Banks."

PASSPORTS. Passports are not required in the islands but it is a wise plan to have them. In case of any trouble a passport is mighty useful. In Venezuela a passport and certificate of vaccination is required.

PHOTOGRAPHS. In most of the islands there is no objection to taking photographs wherever and whenever one wishes, but in a few there are restrictions. In Barbados it is prohibited (during the war) to take pictures and one's camera and films are liable to confiscation if used on the island. It's a ridiculous law, as there is absolutely nothing in the way of fortifications or defences worthy of the name, but it's the law, nevertheless, and, moreover, no warning is given the visitor when he lands with camera in hand. In all the British islands there are forts, but most of these are ancient and are neither armed nor garrisoned and no one cares whether they are photographed or not, but where there are wireless stations it is prohibited to photograph them, while in the French colonies the modern fortifications are so well hidden and so well guarded that there is little danger of the tourist getting within photographic range. Of course no one can prevent

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you from snapping forts, towns, or wireless stations from the ship, but if films are developed by the local photographers all those of forts, wireless stations or war vessels will be clipped off and confiscated. Hence it's best not to have films developed or prints made in the islands at the present time.

POSTAGE STAMPS. The stamps in use in the islands are not those of the mother countries, but are issued for local use only. Stamps of the Danish West Indies are good in any of the Danish islands, but those of the French, Dutch and British possessions are only good in the colonies for which they are issued. The Leeward Island stamps are good in any of the Leeward Islands, St. Kitts, Montserrat, Antigua, Dominica or the Virgin Islands, but each of these presidencies also has its own stamps which are *not* available for postage elsewhere. Barbados has its own stamps and no others can be used on the island and the same is true of British Guiana, Grenada, St. Lucia and St. Vincent, while the Trinidad stamps bear the legend "Trinidad and Tobago" and are used on both islands.

The stamps of the Dutch West Indies, "Ned. Indie," are used for Saba, Statia, etc. Curacao has stamps of its own and so does Surinam. The French

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islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe use stamps issued for the respective islands and also French Colony stamps surcharged for Martinique and Guadeloupe. Mail matter (sealed) is not censored in the British islands, but post cards are and packages sent by parcels post to any of the islands must be opened and examined by revenue officials.

RAILWAYS. The only railways in the islands are on Barbados and Trinidad. The trains are quaint, with picturesque, foreign-looking locomotives and travel so slowly that one may obtain a very good idea of the country through which the road leads. Rates are high, but there are two or three classes and even the best of the natives seldom travel first class. As one official put it, "The only people who travel first class are officials who don't pay and strangers who don't know any better." The only difference between the first and second class consists in the upholstery of the seats, but the first class fare is often more than double that of the second class.

REPTILES. Small house-lizards, commonly called "chameleons," are very abundant throughout the islands, but they are dainty, harmless creatures useful for destroying flies and other insect pests and

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should be protected and encouraged wherever seen. Other larger lizards are common in woods and cultivated grounds and the big iguanas are quite abundant in some places, but all these are absolutely harmless. Alligators are confined to Trinidad and the South American continent and in all the islands, except Trinidad, snakes are scarce, while poisonous species are confined to one or two islands only. In Martinique and St. Lucia the deadly fer-de-lance is all too common, but unless one wanders into the brush and woods there is little danger of being bitten. In Trinidad the fer-de-lance, bushmaster and coral snakes are all venomous but are confined to the woods and jungles and aside from these there are no poisonous snakes in the Lesser Antilles. A variety of boa is found in many of the islands but it is not common, it is an inhabitant of the forests and never grows very large and is absolutely harmless.

SERVANTS. If one contemplates keeping house there will be no trouble about securing servants. Servants are very cheap in the islands, the wages of cooks ranging from three to ten dollars a month on most islands. House servants receive from two to six dollars, grooms from five to fifteen dollars and "boys" from one dollar a month up. Usually a

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certain amount is allowed for "keep" but three to five cents a day, in the small islands, to ten cents in the larger places, will furnish food for the average West Indian servant. Although such wages appear laughable, yet it must be borne in mind that one requires more servants on the islands than in the north. An ordinary household will require a cook, a house servant, a waitress, a groom, a boy and a small army of followers, employed by the servants, for no one is too poor to have a servant in the Antilles and there are servants of servants' servants; many of whom the householder never sees and of whom he has no knowledge. As a rule the West Indian servants are reliable, neat, honest and very humble, but they are not blessed with a great amount of brains and too much should not be expected of them.

SNAKES. See "Reptiles," above.

SPORTS and RECREATIONS. In nearly every island there are cricket grounds, tennis-courts, etc., and in many there are race-courses, polo-grounds and golf-links. Social clubs are in every island and visitors are usually welcomed and may enjoy all the privileges, if introduced by some member. There are also boating and yacht clubs, shooting clubs,

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athletic associations and similar institutions in the larger islands, while fishing, boating, motoring, riding, driving, hunting, sailing and bathing, furnish ample opportunities for both sport and recreation.

SUNSTROKE. Sunstroke is almost unknown in the islands, but care should be used not to become overheated. See "Health," "Climate," etc.

TELEPHONES. In every island where ships call there are excellent telephone systems connecting all parts of the city as well as outlying towns.

VEGETABLES. See "Food," "Hotels," etc.

WEARING APPAREL. See "Climate," "Health," etc.

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